In This Issue

VOLUME 153 September 4, 1929 NUMBER 1

Looking Forward 1

Frontispiece: An Old-time Printer 2

Articles

Old at Forty 3
By LOUIS STARK

The Married Feminist's Predicament 7
By EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

The Merest Trifle 18
By I. A. R. WYLIE

Fighting "Booze" in Belgium . 20
By T. R. YBARRA

The Final Years—The Story of Carry Nation 21
Eighth Installment
By HERBERT ASBURY

Financial Article 26
Changing Investment Methods
By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

The Trend of Events

A Job for O'Malley . . . 10
Ford "Thoughts" 10
Helen 10
Rioting in Jerusalem 11
"The Reason Is Raskob" . . . 11
Air News 11
Delay on Disarmament . . . 12
Long Shot 12
More Stunters 13
Retreat from Hollywood . . . 13
City of Churches 14
The Doctor's Denial 14
The Tariff—Chapter Two . . 14
Deluding Sufferers 15
Ban on Dueling 15
A War on Unemployment . . 15
Remarkable Remarks . . . 15

Editorial

Another Job for Mr. Hoover . 17
By CHARLES A. BEARD

The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books 27
Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

Reviews by J. DANA TASKER, MARY SHIRLEY AND W. R. BROOKS

The Millenium in Recent Books 30
By JOHN CARTER

The Movies 32
By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks . . 33
By WALTER R. BROOKS

From the Life 34
By IBBY HALL

With Our Readers 36

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Looking Forward

ANY MAGAZINE which—when the average age of its readers is around forty-two—deliberately prints an article entitled "Old at Forty," owes its subscribers at least two trips to the seashore, three Labor Day excursions to all the beaches, two weeks in the Yellowstone, and a sea voyage on the Bremen and the Mauretania; not to mention a chance at a seat on the Zeppelin on Dr. Eckener's next globe encircling trip. For mention of age inevitably brings up that fear of all fears: the final curtain of our earthly drama. And nobody likes to be told that the day will ever come when he will be considered too old for further use.

AS A MATTER of fact the whole subject is an ironical one. For age, except in certain trades, is not a matter of years, but of fears. Instead of getting too old for use, some men never get mature enough to be of any real value. It isn't that they are no longer young enough. It is that they have never actually become mature enough. Fear has held them back.

IN THE BEGINNING man is afraid of the dark; and in the end he is afraid of death. In between he is usually afraid of mystery in all forms, and the truth in most forms. In fact, he is afraid of everything in himself and outside of himself that may get him hurt. Meanwhile, every fear he cannot outgrow makes him older but less mature.

IF HE SUCCEEDS, he gradually comes to know that a man does not fear insult who has been insulted by experts; that disaster has little power over a man already acquainted with grief; that only youth is swayed from its path by fear of the consequences of truth; that truth does actually set men's souls free—and that what measure of freedom each man has is in direct proportion to his ability to admit the truth to his own mind.

ONCE HE HAS arrived at this point he may be forty years young. But if he never arrives at this point he may easily be old before forty.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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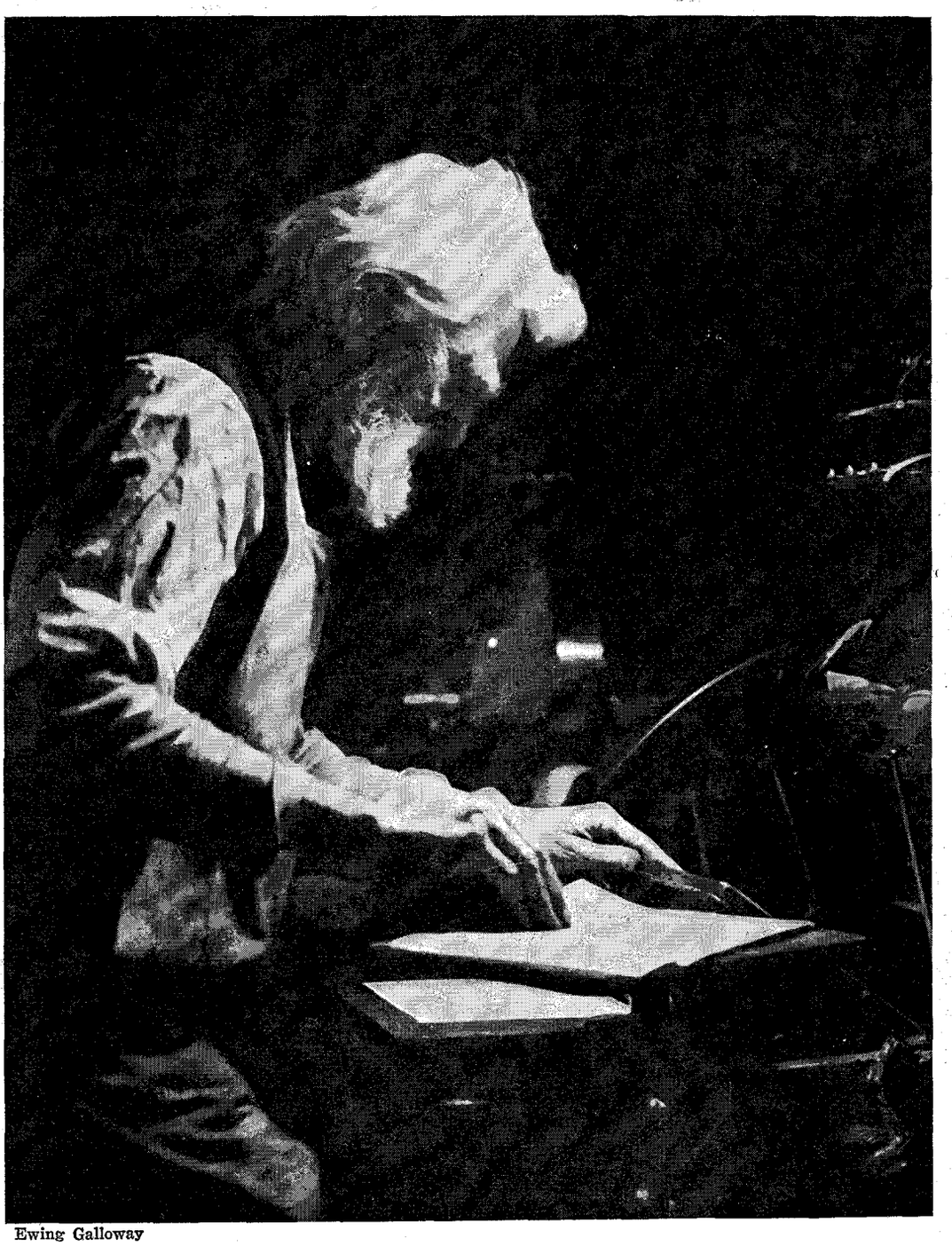

Ewing Galloway

An Old-time Printer

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Outlook
and Independent
September 4, 1929

Old at Forty

By LOUIS STARK

This is the industrial millenium, the age of high wages and untold prosperity. So we were assured in the recent Presidential campaign. And yet the man who has passed forty, although theoretically in the prime of life, is finding increasing difficulty in obtaining employment. Is the new industrial speed responsible? Are the "old men" of industry brought into being by mergers? Or is group insurance, which seeks to keep down the average age in every factory and office, the principal cause? Mr. Stark, who specializes in labor and social conditions for the New York Times, in this article analyzes a situation in this country which is year by year becoming more critical and increasingly serious

"IF YOU ARE forty you need not apply. We want speed and production."

Signs with the foregoing notice were observed by Assemblyman Frank X. Bernhardt, Chairman of the New York State Legislative Committee on Public Welfare, during his investigation of employment conditions.

A research physicist forty-one years old, with unusual educational qualifications, is unable to obtain a position because of his "advanced age." He studied at Upsala, London and Paris and has degrees of B.S., M.S., and Ph.D., in mechanical engineering and physics. He speaks English, German, French, Swedish, Norwegian and Danish.

A large corporation required the services of a European branch manager who would command respect and attention from the industrial and commercial circles in which he would be expected to mingle. A man with many years' experience as banker, special accountant and "contact" man for concerns in Mexico applied for the position and through an important and highly successful accountancy study, convinced most of the executives of the corporation that he was the man. He spoke English, German and Spanish, had a thorough acquaintance with European conditions and commercial customs and had "excellent approach." He was "as good as hired" and was ushered into the chief executive's office for the benediction. To the great surprise of the applicant the executive looked up sharply as his eye caught the fatal "forty-seven" beside the word "age."

"No use wasting your time and mine," the corporation head commented laconically without a further glance at the applicant's record. "You're above our age limit."

The pen which signed a group insurance contract on behalf of the employes of a New York department store wrote "tragedy" across the lives of several score old employes and "finis" to the career of one buyer, an employe of 40 years' standing, who committed suicide when he was reduced to the position of floor-walker. Some were forced out. Others, to save their self-respect, left upon being reduced to inferior positions. One of those forced out entered the store at the age of 13, remained nearly 40 years and was receiving $70 a week when he became jobless. His group insurance policy would have paid his widow $4,300 but leaving the store nullified it. He is now a clerk at $25 a week.

MR. X., 54 years old, entered the employ of the Y. company, an internationally known organization making electrical apparatus, 27 years ago, at $100 a month. He worked his way up to engineer at $500. Recently his work was turned over to a younger man and he was retained at full salary but given no work whatever. Two weeks of this refined cruelty was all his self-respect could stand and he quit "voluntarily."

"I know a woman of the highest education and refinement who wants a $12 a week job for a short time hoping she will soon have the courage to commit suicide," is the grim item in a letter I have seen.

These are but a few instances of what happens when shifts occur on a large scale basis in industry. Where hundreds and thousands of executives and "white collar" employes are displaced for technological or other reasons, tens of thousands of skilled and unskilled workers are shunted off into new sluices which in so many cases lead to less responsible employment at lower wages. Some are poured into the ranks of the permanently unemployed, compelled to live for the rest of their lives on the bounty of children, relatives or charitable organizations.

At the outset it may be stated that the situation with regard to the problem of technological unemployment is a good deal of an industrial and economic mystery.

So rapidly have the forces making for a rearrangement of the American industrial scene been operating that few hard and fast conclusions have yet been drawn from the revolutionary industrial changes. In penetrating into the labyrinthine woods of American industry

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one sees trees marked "efficiency," "merger," "pensions," "group insurance," "new services," "liquidation" and "mechanization." One cannot see the forest for the trees.

Let us begin with a fact that is simple. Until 1920 the employment of older men kept pace with the expansion of industry, in fact kept a little ahead of it. Prior to 1920 changes were comparatively spasmodic, releasing people temporarily. The hardship worked on the unemployed, bad as it was, was temporary. Since 1920 the machine process has been expanded on an unprecedented scale. The pace of change has speeded up, leaving observers breathless. In eight years, a rubber company increased its output from 32,000 units a day to 57,000 units, or about 78 per cent. At the same time its production force decreased from 24,000 to 16,500 or about 30 per cent. A sugar refinery erected to produce 2,000,000 pounds of sugar a day with 500 men four years ago now produces 3,500,000 pounds with 400 men. A textile mill employing 5,100 workers who produced 137,000 yards of cloth, changed its machinery and methods almost overnight and produced the same yardage with 3,100 men. Railroad efficiency has compelled 200,000 men to seek employment in other fields. Instances could be multiplied. Many thousands of musicians are unemployed as a result of the introduction of the "talkies."

WERE IT NOT that employment has grown at a rapid rate the nation would before this have witnessed an extraordinary unemployment crisis. In the last eight years, however, the increased automobile sales have necessitated employment of 750,000 or more salesmen and garage employes. New hotels have added 500,000 to their staffs. Telephone companies added 78,000 to their wage rolls. Bobbed hair and the popularity of beauty parlors, it is estimated, have taken another 200,000, while the schools have added about 200,000 more teachers. Mergers and liquidations of old businesses, together with the normal growth in population and the drift of people from the country to the city have made for a race between the ability of industry to receive the jobless by offering new places and the rapidity with which the industrial machine abolished jobs and created a vast army of unemployed.

That the race has been against the human units and that jobs have been displaced more rapidly than industry could re-employ the jobless has been the opinion of many students, but a key figure to clinch opinion into factual knowledge has been lacking. Now comes Dr. Wesley C. Mitchell, one of the directors of President Hoover's commission which studied Recent Economic Changes and for the first time throws real light on one of the darker phases of our prosperity.

Speaking of the hardships suffered by those displaced due to "technological unemployment," Dr. Mitchell says:

"They and their families often undergo severe privation before new employment can be found; the new jobs may pay less than the old or be less suitable; too often the displaced man never finds an opening. Technical progress is continually made at cost to individuals who have committed no fault and made no avoidable error of judgment.

"All the available data show that American wage-earners meet technological unemployment in manufacturing mainly by turning to other ways of making a living. Adopting a new occupation, however, does not guarantee getting a new job. The surplus workers from our farms and factories who hunted for fresh openings during the last seven years increased unemployment in other fields. The expansion of business, particularly of miscellaneous and mercantile occupations, made places for perhaps 4,500,000 new wage-earners. But the supply of new jobs has not been equal to the number of new workers, plus the old workers displaced. Hence there has been a net increase of unemployment between 1920 and 1927 which exceeds 650,000 people."

Dr. Mitchell's statement thus definitely makes technological unemployment an issue of national concern by answering the question of whether or not industry has fallen behind in its capacity to create more jobs than it can destroy. He has thrown a floodlight on the anomalous spectacle of our greatest peace time prosperity witnessing a vast army of unemployed laying siege to the factory gate and the employment office.

HAND IN HAND with technological unemployment and as part of its process has come the introduction of group insurance and old-age pensions granted by industry. There are approximately 6,000,000 workers covered by group insurance and 4,000,000 under old-age pension plans. Introduced frankly to lessen labor turnover, the group insurance and old-age pensions have tended to establish arbitrary deadlines for new employes. The question of discrimination has strong partisans. Abraham Epstein, of the American Association for Old Age Security, is of the opinion that age discrimination has risen with the growth of the group insurance and old-age pension plans. He points out that concerns pay a lower premium by having the average age of employes around thirty than if the ages average about forty. Companies will not engage men forty or over if they have an old-age pension plan because these plans require 25 or 30 years of service. To hire a man within ten or fifteen years of pension age and let him out at sixty without a pension would cause not a little ill-will for the company.

On the other hand, the National Association of Manufacturers received returns from a questionnaire indicating that thirty per cent of those interrogated fixed maximum age limits for hiring while seventy per cent had no such limit. What percentage of employes was covered by each category was not ascertained. Exact figures on this point would probably have an important bearing on the study, for if they paralleled the figures showing that a minority of corporations employ the majority of workers, it might be evident that a majority of employes in the factories studied come under age discrimination handicaps.

However, it must nevertheless be said that despite discrimination there are many employers who regard it as inefficient, unwholesome and a confession of poor management. In this class is the employer who replied:

"We have no age limit. We hire men to fit the job. Many of our best men —skilled (toolroom) and semi-skilled (bench assemblers)—entered our employ after fifty. Any company placing an age limit admit that they need at least three things and usually all three: a new general manager; a new employment manager or a new Board of Directors."

Another manufacturer wrote: "We have no age limit. Our experience has been that the old man of today is better than the young, both as a worker and as a liability risk."

In contrast with these replies is the one obtained in another study wherein

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one employer naïvely said: "This problem (discrimination) does not affect us. We do not discriminate as we only hire young people recently out of school."

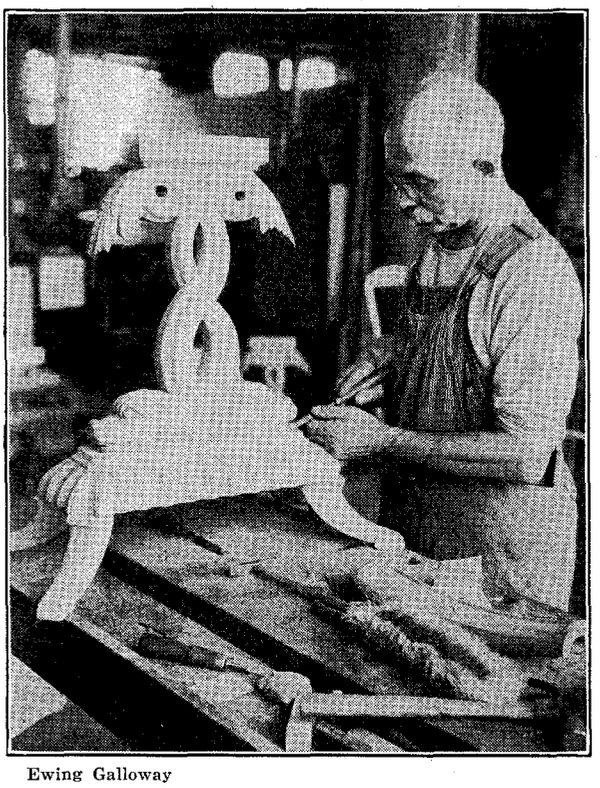
Group-insurance and old-age pensions have been pushed to the fore in the last ten years. Smaller establishments, which cannot afford industrial pensions, find labor turnover lessened by group pensions. The premiums average a little more than the Thanksgiving turkey which some firms formerly gave employes. The benefits, averaging from $500 to $2,000, have been criticized as being inadequate when deduction is made for funeral expenses. It would seem that the loyalty of service and reduction of labor turnover make the employer's return wholly disproportionate to the premium paid and to the benefit accruing to the employe. When it is pointed out that an employe who changes his job loses all benefit under the group insurance plan even though he may have been with a company for many years, it becomes apparent that here is a sore point which should be remedied. It is true that when a man leaves he may obtain regular insurance at the regular rate without physical examination but this advantage is more theoretical than real; usually his earning capacity is diminished and his search for another job gives him other problems to worry about.

TO WHAT EXTENT do industrial pensions meet the problem of old age security? These plans provide for 20 to 30 years of service. Statistics for the U. S. Department of Labor show that only 3½ to 4 per cent of employes ever stay as long as that. Murray W. Lattimer, an authority on industrial pensions, has made an interesting study which throws light on a man's chances of attaining pension age in industry. Eliminating the first two years of employment when labor turnover is very great, Mr. Lattimer compiled the following table showing the percentage of employes at various ages who have already served two years and who will remain in employment to age 65:

Company	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60
1	0.3	0.8	1.9	4.2	8.9	17.4	30.4	50.3	77.8
2	7.2	11.0	14.8	18.4	22.1	26.2	38.1	47.2	63.6
3	2.4	4.8	9.2	16.5	26.7	39.1	51.7	64.3	78.0
4	0.3	1.0	3.1	8.2	17.7	32.5	50.4	67.1	82.5
5	4.6	8.0	13.5	21.8	32.7	45.3	58.2	70.2	83.1

"These figures seem to indicate that for persons of 20 and 25 the chances of surviving in the employment of these firms to age of 65 is not more than 3 out of 100," says Mr. Lattimer. "At thirty it is possibly four, at thirty-five or six and at forty possibly eight out of one hundred. After forty-five the probability of surviving rises rapidly, but more rapidly probably, falls the probability of a person out of work getting a job."

AS THIRTY-FIVE is about the median age of employes in industry the typical employe has about one to five chances in a hundred of remaining employed by the same company to the age of sixty-five.



Ewing Galloway

"Efficiency" of a crude sort, as compared to scientific management, is responsible for a considerable share of the lower maximum hiring age limit. In some of the southern textile mills the "stretch-out" or multiple loom system has been introduced, loading the operative to the utmost and giving him a small share or none of the savings. The difference between this brand of "efficiency" and that exemplified by scientific management studies of the Taylor Society are as wide as the poles. Truly scientific management is apt to switch employes and find places where those displaced by new machinery and changed methods may best fit.

Irrespective of what figures may exist on maximum age hiring limits, the figures cannot even approximate actual conditions. Executives are touchy on the question of discrimination. Corporations may have rules against discrimination yet they may never take on men above a certain age. The production manager knows that the goods must be up to a certain quality—at a price. His temptation is to take on only younger men who may keep pace with the speediest.

Actual discrimination by corporations which have no age limit occurs when men over 45 "must be approved by the Board of Directors." In some cases where there is no age limit "the nature of the work is such that only men of forty can do it." Or else a medical examination may be so rigid that only men of 38 may pass it.

Occasionally personnel managers, more zealous than responsible, make a clean sweep of the older employes. One such "efficiency engineer" reduced the clerical staff of a magazine and efficiently disorganized the work so that subscribers received three or four copies of the magazine's circulars. The amount of pain and unnecessary suffering inflicted by such arbitrary actions cannot be imagined. In this case a mother whose only son was killed in France was hard put to it to obtain a new place at $18 a week.

The hiring deadline at forty and fifty means that the children in many cases are compelled to enter industry at an earlier age to help support their fathers while married women must take employment to help piece out the family income. The charity organizations are also called upon to tide along the families of those doomed to idleness by "technological unemployment." A woman of fifty, with twelve years' insurance experience and out of work nearly three years except for intermittent typing jobs, stresses the psychological factor that works such havoc among those condemned to unemployment. She says: "It is not only financial worry but loss of morale and deterioration of one's mind through enforced idleness that is so hard to bear."

A man of fifty out of work for the first time in ten or fifteen years is out of touch with hiring methods in modern industry and does not know how to hunt

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a job. His "approach" is apt to be entirely wrong and he is "licked before he starts." After continued rebuffs, such men drift down hill psychologically. Self-pity leads to psychoses and breakdowns and society is taxed with the bill while suffering is visited on the blameless families.

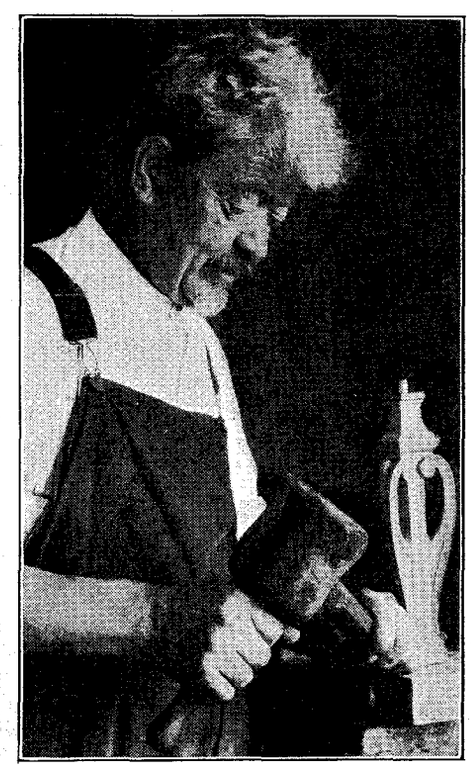
Why cannot individuals meet the problem of unemployment and old age? To have an annuity that will yield an income for himself and his wife of $50 a month at the age of 65, the wage-earner must save $8,000 in the years of his working life, in addition to supporting his family, paying his bills for sickness, accident and unemployment insurance. While science has added a few more years to life, technology has made the productive period shorter. Whatever a man puts aside for the proverbial rainy day must now be garnered in a fewer number of years. If the deadline at forty is to become well-nigh universal it will mean a revolution quite as extraordinary as any that has yet affected humanity. High wages is not a complete answer to the problem, for never has labor received such high wages as now yet never was the job of the unskilled worker as hazardous as at present.

Competition for jobs is so keen that in the South white men are engaged in occupations formerly followed by Negroes. In other days a white man lost caste in the South by engaging in certain occupations. But the old traditions have been overthrown and the Negro finds himself meeting competition in fields that were exclusively his, such as driving trucks and express wagons, repairing streets, doing scavenger work, delivering ice and serving as waiters and bellboys.

James T. Loree, vice-president and general manager of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad Company, told the Senate Committee on Education and Labor that his company "would not as a rule employ men over forty." Asked what forty-year old workers must do, Mr. Loree replied, "They must retain their jobs." J. M. Larkin, assistant to the president of the Bethlehem Steel Co., also told the committee "that as a general rule men over 45 years of age are not employed."

In contrast to these declarations is the announced policy of Henry Ford, who says that one-third of his employes, approximating the average of the forty-year population, are over 40 years of age. Mr. Ford values the older workers for their maturity and reliability. His success in the use of older men recalls a recent statement by Dr. Elliott Dunlap Smith, professor of Industrial Engineering at Yale University, who said that the older man has a place in industry which keeps apace of scientific progress. He adds that when a poorly managed industry is suddenly made efficient, the older men find it hard to adapt themselves to the changed conditions. Thus the jobs are open for the younger and more adaptable men.

It has been seen that group insurance and industrial pension plans are inadequate to meet the problem of growing unemployment and the hazards of modern industry. So suddenly have the new issues confronted industry that little has yet been done beyond the theory stage. The trade unions which were among the first to be aware of the growing pains of technological industry, have placed their reliance for the future on the shorter work week (at present the goal is the five-day week) and the wage based on productivity.



Ewing Galloway

For the last year or two economists have been grappling with the problem of the lowered maximum age hiring limit but have reached no conclusions. As I indicated above the extent of the problem except in its broad aspect as stated by Dr. Mitchell, is still to be charted.

State pensions are increasing in favor. A committee of the New York State legislature is engaged upon such an investigation and a report will be made in February.

Straws show the way the wind blows. Not only have existing social and commercial organizations begun employment studies but new societies have sprung up for the purpose of coping specifically with the wage-earners of forty and over. Perhaps the most recently formed organization is the National Association for the Benefit of Middle-Aged Employes. It was founded by a merchant who required men of forty to forty-five in his business. Applying to employment agencies for help he was given short shrift. It almost came to the point where he was ordered out of agencies which declined to "bother with old men." He therefore formed an association whose object it is to "break down the barrier now prevalent against employing men and women over forty years of age; a great army of men and women physically fit, experienced, sober, intelligent, steady, strong of heart and limb, ambitious, full of energy, yet forced to idleness by a majority of employers in favor of youth."

Eighteen months ago a retired business man, Clement Schwinges, called a mass meeting in New York and formed a bureau called Action, Inc. Since then an unemployed army of 5800 men and women over thirty-five have placed their stories of frustration in the files of the organization. Of the 5800 applicants only 200 found jobs in eighteen months.

Here and there a "dislocation wage" is paid workers set adrift by the machine process. Admittedly a palliative, the stipend has helped to tide over the wage-earner for a few months until he has had a chance to locate a job. This procedure was followed when a group of clothing cutters employed by Hart, Schaffner and Marx were made superfluous by the use of cutting machines. In this case the "dislocation wage" was furnished jointly by the company and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. A British corporation offered a subsidy to firms which would employ its technologically displaced unemployed.

The basis for a broad discussion of the larger problem behind technological employment, the shorter work week, group insurance and old-age pensions, was formulated last winter by Dr. H. S. Person, managing director of the Taylor

(Please Turn to Page 38)

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The Married Feminist's Predicament

By EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

Success in life, as in war, often requires a change of front. What shall a working wife do when her husband is called to a locality where there is no employment for her? Convention and her own heart may counsel self-sacrifice. But suppose her present job is better than her husband's promotion? Mrs. Blair deals here with a predicament that cannot be settled by formula. It is, as she says "enough for the journalist to present this as one of the many problems which must interest those wishing to inform themselves on the conditions of our modern society"

LET ME start with my definition of the word "feminist." It has been loosely used to designate women who work to make the influence of women felt as directly as that of men in the world of affairs. According to the dictionary, it denotes the women who believe in or advocate the influence of women in public affairs. Ellen Key and Havelock Ellis would apply it to those who would have women in every relationship, including that of maternity, independent of men. In this article I do not intend to use it in any such wide application. I employ it to mean a woman who, through circumstances or desire, seeks to establish herself in society as an individual on the same terms as men. Since ours is a society in which the chief function of the individual has to do with earning his or her daily bread and as much cake as he or she can get, its connotation is naturally "a woman who works for a wage in competition with others who do likewise." There should, perhaps, be reservations. The woman who is willing to be paid less than a man who does similar work, who means to work only until she can find some man to support her, probably should not be so tagged. There must undoubtedly be some desire to excel, some intention to succeed, and, perhaps, a sense of the dignity of independence and the indignity of living by one's sex before one deserves the denomination. But these intentions and feelings may be reactions as well as motives. And for the majority of feminists they are probably the former, coming after the act, as the lawyers say. But the difficulties attending an effort to earn one's livelihood on equal terms with men are the same whatever the purpose or intention or ideals of the worker. For this reason we may broadly, I hold, include under the word "feminist" those who have not yet rationalized their needs into a policy as well as those whose actions are theory put into practice. At any rate, as a more challenging word its journalistic value is higher than "working woman." Hence its place in my title. What I wish to present is the dilemma in which a married woman who wishes to work finds herself.

Nothing so old and threadbare in discussion as a husband's disapproval, although it is as perennial as sentimental bridegrooms. Nothing so tiresome as the antagonism of men employers and the sabotage of fellow-workers of the opposite sex, although they are as active as the instinct for self-preservation. Nothing so boresome as the inequality of wage, although it is as persistent as men's greed; nor anything as stupid as woman's perfectly human laziness and man's perfectly human weakness which lend themselves so easily to the slavery of the one and the enslavement of the other. No, nor even that urge towards a home and motherhood that certainly is complicating. One or another has overcome them. One or another they can be overcome. A dilemma, on the other hand, is a predicament. A husband may be brought around to consent; sex antagonism may be neutralized or defeated; inequality of wage may be righted and even laziness and weakness give way before ambition or desire but this dilemma is something outside the feminist's control for it inheres in conditions, facts, and not in emotions or attitudes.

THE DILEMMA was first presented to me years ago before I had so much as thought of feminism. My husband was a young lawyer. Cases were few; which probably was why he brought one home to me. A woman from a neighboring mining town had come into his office asking him to fight a divorce. This, briefly, was her story: After having earned her own living for several years as a seamstress in the mining town, she had married a miner who wanted to farm. They had spent her savings for some land on which they had lived for five years. The land was poor, her husband no success at farming. It took all that they could scrape together to pay the mortgage. She sold chickens, eggs, and garden produce. But it took that money, too. She had had two children. Another was coming. Another mortgage payment was due. It would take all that she had to provide for the third child to make the payment. She had had no new clothes since she was married, had not then even shoes to wear to town. She wanted her husband to leave the farm and move back to town where she could get from her old customers some sewing and her husband could get a job at the mines, the income of both being sufficient to maintain their little family in decency. Her husband would not do it. After a quarrel in which she had told him he could not farm the land without her help in the field and her garden and egg money and he had told her that he was the boss and they would live where he said, she had run off to town, had taken two rooms, had made enough money to support the children and see her through her confinement, and was now able to go back to her sewing. Her husband had never come near her. But she had discovered that when he could not work the farm without her he had been forced to come to town and had taken a job at hauling which brought him sixty dollars a month, more than he had ever had all the time they lived together. She had sent to him asking him to contribute to the children's support but he had sent his lawyer to tell her that not only would he give her nothing but he was suing for divorce on the grounds that she had left him, and he would ask for the children.

At this stage in the story I asked my husband how he could ask her to stay on the farm where he could not support her when she was willing to support him, if necessary, by her work in town. I was told that the law gave the man the right to *decide the domicile*. "But if he can not support her there," I protested, "if it means starvation to her children and herself to stay?" Yes, the law gave him the right to decide the domicile. The wife would have to accept what her husband could give her *where he preferred to live*. "Not even

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if she can make enough to take care of all of them in town?" I insisted. Yes, even if she could make thousands of dollars in town and could make nothing on the farm except the mortgage. The law presupposes that the husband is the bread-winner and he decides the domicile. "Even if he can not make a living there?" Yes, she takes him for better or worse. "But it is cruelty," I said.

So we looked through the pages of reports hoping to find some precedent for regarding it as cruelty. But the man won his case and the judge told the wife that when the children were old enough to dispense with her care she must bring them back to the court to be awarded to the husband.

This poor woman would never have called herself a feminist. She would not have known the meaning of the term. But what she did know was the dilemma of the feminist. She was in a predicament which it was quite impossible for her to get out of. If she lived where she could make enough money to support her children, she must give up her children; if she would keep her children, she would be unable to support them.

Now this, of course, was an extreme case. As apologists for the law's unfairness to women have always said, "But our men are so much better than our laws." And so, thank Heaven, they are. Much, much better. Not many husbands are as cruel and selfish, vain and egotistical as this husband. And this may be as good a place as any for me to give my testimony to the goodness of husbands. That the feminist finds herself in a dilemma is not to be counted against them. There would be no dilemma if they could help it. For have they not already given evidence, the husbands of feminists, to a love of liberty, an approval of equality, an appreciation of independence? Few, indeed, are the feminists who go out contrary to the expressed wishes of the master of the fireside. Far more in number the wives who remain beside it silently rebellious. Stupid as men and women are about mating, wives often choose husbands who appreciate them as individuals and men choose wives in whose talents and independence they take pride.

It is not the husbands of feminists who are to blame for their trials. Husbands are like the backers of prize fights, the gamblers on the race track. They do not wish to lose their bets. Once they think their wives can win as individuals, they will not hamstring them. I have always had a suspicion that the objections of many husbands to their wives' feminism is not to be traced to their disapproval of feminism so much as it is to their fear that they can not win.

Better a disapproval of feminism than disillusion about the wife. Most men are generous. I do not think ill of husbands. Few feminists do. They know too well the sacrifices involved on the part of the husband, the intelligence displayed, the understanding felt. One does not lightly challenge any social custom. But husbands know better the penalty ahead than wives. It is not the husbands, believe me, that stand in the way of feminists. It is the other wives, those who, for one reason or another, prefer the life of parasitism. But of this I have said something more elsewhere.

Suffice it to say that the dilemma of the feminists is in most cases also a dilemma of their husbands. There was my friend, for instance, who was married to a doctor. She had joined a club in her town, had discovered executive ability, had gone on from one office to another until she found herself president of a state federation of clubs. So remarkable was her administration that after her term was ended she was offered the national secretaryship of a large organization which carried with it a salary larger than her husband's income. For although her husband was successful, a doctor's income in a small town is not large. This secretaryship demanded, however, that she live in a city in another state. This would mean for the wife a more interesting life than her husband could offer her. If they could both work and live in the same town it would mean more money than they had ever expected to have. But the husband was over his first youth. He had no reason to think that he could start anew in a strange city and build up a practice. Besides, he was something of a personnage in that small town. In the city he would be a nobody. There was in the small town no opportunity for the wife's kind of ability. Something of a predicament. If she took the job and went away, she gave up her home life and penalized her husband; if she stayed at home, goodbye to ambition and her husband knew he had limited her.

I could give case after case like this. Nor is it only the elder feminist. A young lawyer fell in love with a young psychiatrist at college. It is difficult for young lawyers to get placed nowadays, but this boy was lucky and a classmate found an opening for him in his father's office in a growing town. But there was no opening in that town for a young woman psychiatrist. Should she give up her position in the hospital and become merely a wife or should she give up her heart's desire and stay with her job?

Consider, those who have had the task of finding the right opening for a young man, how it would be complicated by the necessity of finding one equally as good for the young wife. A girl in a publishing house married a young publicity man. The publishing house was located in a town a thousand miles from the publicity business. There was no publishing business in the latter town. And no publicity job in the former. What did they do? Of course they went to the town where the young husband's job was. The girl jumped out of her dilemma by giving up her job.

Even in a city the feminist is not insured against this dilemma. A young newspaper woman in New York married a young newspaper man. They could afford to live on their combined incomes. The young man was sent by his paper to cover a great event. The girl got a vacation and went along with him. Then the girl was sent on an assignment to Paris. It would keep her away three months. The young man could not go with her. Was this not a dilemma? She must give up her job or leave her husband. If she did not take this assignment she would once and for all have renounced advancement in her chosen work. If she went she had to turn her back on him.

A married feminist had a position in the publicity department of a large store. The management wanted to send her abroad. Her husband was doing well in a bank. How could he leave his job? But if she refused to go she would lose hers.

A job, whatever it once was, is today tied up very closely with this question of domicile. A young bride just out of college told me that of course she intended to work after her marriage. Some five years afterwards I met her, the mother of a lovely child, dividing her time between bridge, shopping, and looking after her one maid—the typical unemployed matron. When I asked her what had come of her fine intentions she explained that as soon as her baby was

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old enough she had gotten herself a position in a department store to do "personnel" work. She was progressing well, had been promoted, and was on the way, she hoped, to another promotion when her husband, who was working for a large industrial concern, was transferred to a distant city. There was no choice. They had to move. In the next place she got another situation in a department store. Again she was in the way of advancement. Again came a transfer. This time she was a little less eager to try the job but she did. In a year the husband was transferred again. He had been steadily climbing. But she gave up. No department store would take her, looking back on her record of resignations.

The number of climbing young men whose business necessitates such transfer is enormous. Nor, having entered one of these businesses, is it possible for the husband to change his employment. Jobs are not easily come by in these days of industrialism. A young man entering the service of a large company gives to it his life. Few companies are taking on men at thirty who are looking for new positions because they do not want to move because their wives are in business. Booth Tarkington's *Young Mrs. Greeley* makes plain the slavery of the industrial employee whether he be in shop or office.

WHY, some one may inquire, does the wife always yield her job instead of the husband? This is a question seriously to be considered by the feminists. I recall a young woman who graduated with honors from a college of repute and married a young honor student. They moved to a southern city where he had employment. She had specialized in bacteriology and soon found work in the city laboratory. She was really brilliant in her work. A fine career seemed ahead of her. Her husband was offered a position in a northern city. They moved. Once more she found a position in a laboratory. Both were progressing finely when the husband was offered an assistant professorship in a western college that was a rare opening. They investigated opportunities there for her and discovered that it was a policy of the college not to employ married women. If the husband took the position it meant a definite abandonment on her part of a career that offered as much as his. There was serious discussion. They were advanced in their ideas. Neither one thought it a matter of course that her future should give way before his. But after all, when young people marry they are fond of each other. The law of love that prefers sacrifice to self-satisfaction operates even with feminists. There is no competition between lovers except for the other's happiness. So he offered to give up his future. And she to scrap hers. At last they sat down to reason the matter out. The determining factor in such reasoning is usually the fact that when it comes to the pinch the wife realizes that if she accepts such a sacrifice she must be willing to accept the full responsibility for the family support, that so long as she feels that she can fall back upon her husband's income on occasion she must give his earning opportunities right of way. And many, if not most, women are unwilling when it comes to that point to assume that responsibility. To add to the family income, to pool it is one thing; to be the responsible party entirely another.

BUT IN THIS CASE the woman was courageous as well as talented and independent-minded. She would have been equal to supporting herself, her children, and even her husband. But there was another factor which she, being intelligent, was quick to see. And that was the effect such action would have upon their characters. If she gave up her career it would hurt her, she knew: life would lose some of its color, the future its glamour. She would be uncomfortable trying to adjust herself to a life she did not enjoy; she would be bored with a domestic routine; she would even be a little bitter at frustration. But her position as a social individual would not be affected. She would still be a person in the social sense. And so her pride would not suffer. The very knowledge that she had sacrificed for her husband would give her some consolation. And, even more important, she would find work to do. After all, she did love flowers; she did enjoy children; she liked to compose effects and make those about her happy. And all of this she could do as a professor's wife.

Society approved a home-staying wife. She would have its "sanction." And society was so organized that there would be work, unremunerative, it was true, but real work for the home-staying wife. Whereas if her husband yielded his opportunity, he would not only suffer all that she would in yielding but, in addition, he would be subject to the disapproval of a society that demanded of a man the success it did not demand of a woman. And the knowledge of this disapproval would do something to his self-respect. Nor would there be for him the compensations. Society had no place for the supported man, no work for him, no honor. And man, being a social animal, would deteriorate. The wife could not put this stigma upon the man she loved. Whether society should or not, whether its standards of the women supported in idleness were right or wrong, she faced a personal question. She could never bear, she knew, to see her husband the victim of its standards. If she sacrificed his future to hers she would lose, therefore, more than she would gain. So she persuaded her husband that the scales were turned in their case by the social standards under which they lived. They would all, she, her husband, their children, gain more if he went up. And he accepted the professorship.

Perhaps there will be feminists who will blame her, say she was a coward and not equal to the test. But after all, there are sacrifices a woman in love can not make. Nor does this mean that she is more a victim of her love than a husband placed in a similar situation. If society required of a woman what it does of a man, if it regarded a home-staying woman as a failure and success in a career as important for her as for a man, then this woman's abandonment of opportunity would have the same effect on her place in society and her resulting self-respect. And her husband might have been quite as ready to yield his future for hers. If society demanded of them equally, then the sole question to be decided would have been which had the greater future, which future would yield most for all concerned. But so long as it still places both the burden of success and the acclaim for it on the man, the wife will yield to him.

THE REAL DILEMMA comes when the wife's possibilities for success are so much greater than the husband's that her giving up her place to work means for all the family, husband as well as children, less of the good things of the world. And this is a dilemma not uncommon to women who have fared forth in the world. To be denied the opportunity to give generously to those you love because the giving hurts the

(Please Turn to Page 39)

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The Trend of Events

A Job for O'Malley

POTENTIALLY, declares Frank Ward O'Malley, America is the greatest Nation the world has known. Actually, it is something else again. Therefore, a "For Sale" sign decorates the O'Malley homestead "in the heart of the New Jersey Applejack Belt."

The house, he believes, should appeal to any one who wants to live in an old-fashioned, semi-rural, 100 per cent community. It is situated on a hill overlooking an inlet where booze is landed almost nightly. With it goes a cabin cruiser well adapted for rum-running. Not far away lives a cultured lady who thinks all Irishmen are saloon-keepers. Neighboring villages teem with "parading Kluxers, flannel-mouthed parsons, and similar merry-makers."

It is, he says in the *New York World*, a typical town, of the sort abounding in America as a result of crass materialism, "the political grip of the Methodist Board of Prohibition, Temperance, and Public Blah," hypocrisy, scoundrels in high places, bigotry, provincialism, national swelled-headedness, rainbow-chasing "progress," lax criminal procedure, insane legislation, and a fanatical philosophy of Puritanism.

So he's off. Off to Europe, to raise his boy and girl and end his days "amid the oldest and loveliest of Occidental civilizations," where sober people mind their own business and comprehend the art of living.

Joyfully he leaves behind "the funny ladies of the W. C. T. U.," standardization, "the tap-dancing of Bishop Cannon," anti-evolution laws, censors, subway jammings, moron movie stars, mediocre Presidents, sloppy speech, "monkey-house strivings," night-club jazz, insane hurry, architectural monstrosities, and professional sports.

To give all of his reasons for leaving, he says, would fill a page. Why not let them fill three or four hundred pages? In fine, why shouldn't he tackle the job Kanhaya Lal Gauba attempted in his book, "Uncle Sham," summarized in these columns last week? The former would be strong where the latter was weak, for O'Malley knows the subject and, a newspaper man of the first rank, he writes well. What matter if such a book do us less than strict justice? Written boldly, with no attempt to soften prejudices or mute overstatements, it should be a useful cold compress for that "national swelled-headedness" which O'Malley not unreasonably deplores.

Ford "Thoughts"

AMONG OTHER THINGS American which Mr. O'Malley is gratified to shake off with the dust of our shores are the miscellaneous "thoughts" of Mr. Edison and other celebrities. A fresh bouquet, from Henry Ford, appears in the current *Pictorial Review*.

Wide World

YET AGAIN

Helen Wills once more wins the National Women's Singles championship

Has Mr. Ford, since participating in the Edison Examination, by any chance cast about for a successor of his own? If so, here are a few problems, culled from the *Pictorial Review* article, with which to confront the candidates.

1. "Prohibition is effective with ninety-nine per cent of our population. The remaining one per cent . . . is made up largely of the wealthy class, the criminal class, and the abandoned class." Prove it.

2. "For myself, if booze ever comes back to the United States, I am through with manufacturing. I would not be bothered with the problem of handling over two hundred thousand men and trying to pay them wages which the saloons would take away from them. I wouldn't be interested in putting automobiles into the hands of a generation soggy with drink." This being so, why does Mr. Ford cheerfully face the problem of handling his workmen abroad? Why does he sell as many cars as possible in wet Europe? Explain why Ford cars are safe in the hands of residents of sopping-wet Detroit.

3. "Now that drinking is disappearing, thinking is coming back again, and mankind is conquering the world in leaps and strides." Write five hundred words showing that thinking and world-conquering are confined to dry America.

4. "A man's . . . drinking is his . . . confession of failure to be an interesting person." Show that no interesting person ever drank. Prove that popular interest in George Washington, Ulysses Grant, Abraham Lincoln, and Edgar Allen Poe is misplaced.

5. "A man . . . can have a good time at home today with his radio or out with his car." Give ten reasons why he can have a better time out with his car.

Helen

A TOAST TO HELEN WILLS. She has won again. She always wins. Never was a nation's heroine so unerring, so perfectly satisfactory.

Since the time, some ten years ago, when the stocky, pig-tailed California girl faced Molla Mallory across the net, Helen Wills has satisfied. She is good-looking; she grows better looking with every rotogravure section. She is intellectual; her Phi Beta Kappa key from the University of California proves it. She is talented, for a gallery in Bond Street, London, this year accorded her drawings the dignity of a one-man show. She has been presented, in a Patou gown, at the Court of St. James. She has announced her engagement to the rising son of a prominent San Francisco banker. She is gracious to reporters, but she has indulged in no cheap publicity. She co-operates with advertisers in a dignified manner but has showed no signs of going into the talkies. Her best friend is her mother.

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She writes her own syndicated articles. She has held a job on a New York newspaper. One of her first assignments was to do sketches of a prize-fight. The sight horrified her. She left, with her mother, at the end of the first round, and did her sketches from memory. She is conservative in all things, especially in her tennis costume —a fact which causes French designers, eager to launch new sports fashions, to despair. On the other hand, her traveling clothes become smarter with every European match. She had been abroad several times before she came home with a lipstick. Now it is the last thing she puts down before taking up her racket to go out on the tennis court.

▶▶*Rioting in Jerusalem*

WHEN UNDER THE MANDATE of the League of Nations Great Britain assumed responsibility for maintaining peace and quiet in Palestine, she adopted a fractious charge. Clashes between Jews and Arabs in the Holy Land have occurred repeatedly during late years. The most recent one, in which a number of Americans have lost their lives, and which bears all the earmarks of organized warfare, has caused Britain to proclaim a state of emergency and rush to the scene a formidable array of troops, airships, and warships to reinforce the Jerusalem police force.

The trouble centers at the Wailing Wall. At this shrine, a remnant of the wall of Solomon's Temple, built 3,000 years ago, Jewish pilgrims gather three days a week to pray and mourn. Once a year, they make a mass pilgrimage to receive the Lamentations of Jeremiah over the fall of Jerusalem and the destruction of the Temple more than 1,800 years ago. Close by, an ever-present symbol of religious controversy, stands the Moslem shrine, the Mosque of Omar. The Wailing Wall itself is on Arab ground, and, while granting Jews the right to worship there, Arabs contend that a screen, required by Jewish ritual to separate the sexes, blocks the right of the way.

Early this month the Moslem Supreme Council received official permission to begin new building operations near the Wall. The Jews were angered, though the Government had specified that they were to be allowed to worship in peace. Ill-feeling flared into a minor outbreak a few days later when Moslems intruded upon a group of Jews at prayer. It burst into a riot when, at the close of the annual mass pilgrimage, several thousand Arabs invaded the area of worship, burning prayer and psalm books and destroying sacred images. In a week's time rioting became warfare, with scores of Jews and Arabs dead and hundreds wounded.

Race riots of this sort in Palestine, however promptly and efficiently quelled, are almost certain to break out afresh. This one becomes especially interesting in the bearing it may have on the proposed new British-Egyptian treaty, which provides that British troops, withdrawing from the rest of Egypt, shall be concentrated along the Suez Canal. Such emergencies serve to remind the British that plentiful supplies of troops, as well as warships, cruising in British trade routes, are handy things to have.

▶▶*"The Reason is Raskob"*

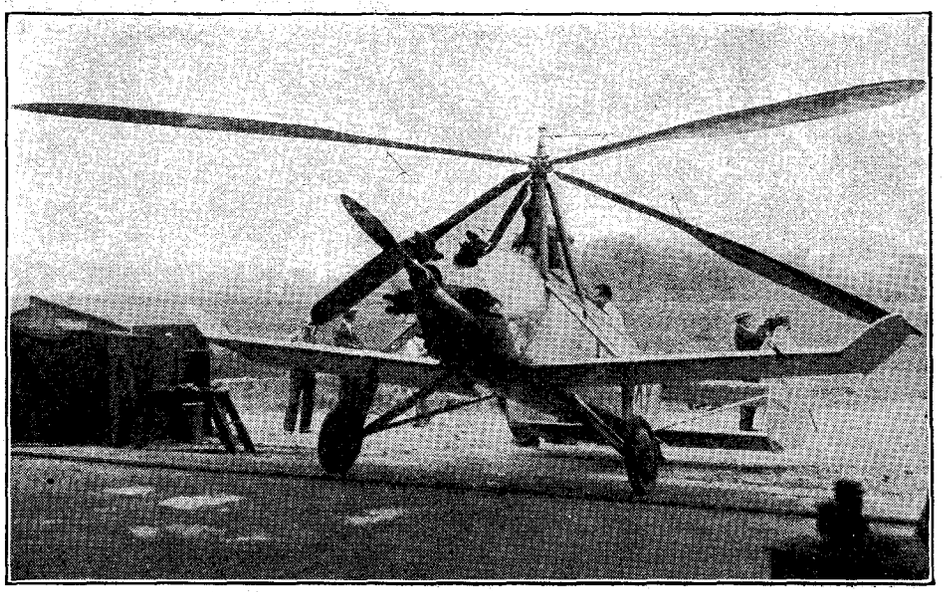
REFUSING TO ACCEPT a penny from the Democratic National Committee, the regular Democrats of Virginia have produced something new under the sun. For a political organization to reject money from any quarter is strange; for it to spurn funds from its own party is astounding. The explanation? Frank R. Kent, shrewd political correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun,* puts it in four words—"The reason is Raskob."

Heart, soul, and body Bishop Cannon and his anti-Smith Democrats, tied up with C. Bascom Slemp and the Republicans, are attempting to make the Virginia election revolve on national issues. Governor Smith is down, but his appointee, John J. Raskob, Chairman of the National Committee, still sits in the seats of the mighty. Like Smith, Raskob is a Northern urbanite, a wet, and Catholic. Raskob, therefore, must be made to play Smith's role in Virginia. He and all that he stands for must be repudiated. Then, perhaps, the State Democratic leaders will admit having erred in supporting Smith last year, Bishop Cannon's flock will rule the Virginia roost, and Governor Smith's grip on the National organization will be loosened.

Realizing the extent of Virginia's prejudice against wetness, Catholicism, and urban airs, regular Democrats strive to keep the voters' minds cemented on local issues. Hence they dissociate themselves from the National Committee. It has been hard thus far for Cannonites to arouse Virginians to the menace of Raskobism, as represented by the Democratic candidate for Governor, John Garland Pollard, an orthodox dry and a Protestant. It may be harder still now that the Democratic organization has torn itself away from Mr. Raskob's bounteous pockets.

▶▶*Air News*

WITH INTEREST DIVIDED among long-distance flights, cross-country races, and Mrs. Lindbergh's flying lessons, air events have lately monopolized the news. The Graf Zeppelin, weaving her course around the top of the world, and completing the first non-stop flight across the Pacific, overshadowed all else. Next came the ill-fated Lisbon-



Wide World

WINDMILL PLANE

Auto-giro, the invention of Juan de la Cierva, which will land without rolling

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to-America flight of the Jungschweitzerland, which took off on the day the Polish flyer, Major Idzikowski, was buried at Warsaw, and plunged into oblivion after passing over the Azores, scene of the Polish flyers' crash.

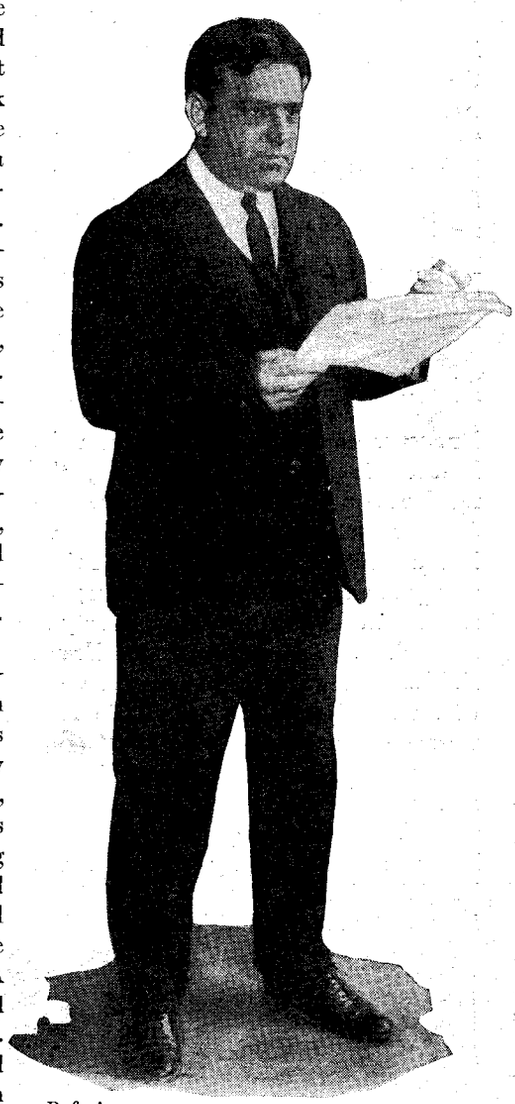
The Zeppelin, completing the longest lap of its journey, the 6,880-mile jaunt from Friedrichshafen to Tokio, congratulated itself on having bettered the 4,663-mile non-stop distance record held by Ferrarin and Del Prette. But not for long. The next day, Nick Mamer and Art Walker, bringing the Sun God home to Spokane after a round-trip, non-stop flight across the continent, boosted the record to 7,200 miles.

Cleveland, with its aeronautical exposition, presenting planes in action as well as on display to demonstrate the strides of aviation during the past year, has become the mecca for air racers. Guests have witnessed exciting short-race programs and, in addition, have had the thrill of seeing cross-country races reach the finish line. These include a non-stop derby from Oakland, California, Portland-Cleveland and Miami-Cleveland races, and a Montreal-Cleveland race by Canadian flyers. Not to mention the Women's Derby.

Where women flyers gather to complain that they are not being taken seriously enough, mention the Women's Derby. Their course charted in easy laps from Los Angeles to Cleveland, with tragedy, comedy, and nonsense, as well as some straight, competent flying in their wake, the lady aviators pressed on. Early in the race, Miss Marvel Crosson, holder of the women's altitude record, crashed, fatally, in Arizona. A number of the 19 contestants dropped out because of illness or mishaps. Murmurs of sabotage were heard and disproved. Two fair racers, Miss Ruth Elder and Miss Gladys O'Donnell, announced their engagements en route. So much difficulty was encountered in making landings that the successful demonstration by Juan de la Cierva, Spanish inventor, of his latest model auto-giro became particularly timely. The "windmill" plane, taking off in less than half the space required by an ordinary plane, proved its ability to make a direct descent and land without rolling. Perhaps the next Women's Derby will be run in "windmills."

▸▸*Delay on Disarmament*

FOUR MONTHS AGO American delegates at the League of Nations Preparatory Disarmament Conference urged that the powers reduce, not merely limit, their sea armaments. They also outlined a plan by which fleets might be compared and proportionately pruned. Since then there have been frequent cloudbursts of disarmament publicity. Negotiations were leaping and bounding ahead. Before long, the various countries might expect to see sweeping reductions.



P & A

FIERY FIORELLO

Representative LaGuardia, Republican designee for Mayor of New York

Aside from moves by President Hoover and Premier MacDonald suspending work on a few cruisers and submarines, they have seen nothing of the sort Nor can the delay be explained by Great Britain's change of governments, for the Labor Party's victory is now three months old. Indeed, it was argued that with MacDonald in power the negotiations would race to a successful conclusion. They have not done so. Not even the date of the Premier's trip to Washington had been fixed at this writing.

Mr. Dawes has appeared at court wearing evening dress instead of knee-breeches, has announced that liquor will not be served at the Embassy, and has kept his pipe faithfully in the news. But his public utterances on disarmament have been inconsequential. Likewise Premier MacDonald's. Both have shown talent at making long statements saying next to nothing. Ambassador Dawes protests that some progress has been made. Yet the Premier himself is authority for the statement that little has been accomplished save for agreements of a general character.

It is easy to understand that the work of the negotiators has been difficult, easy to agree with Ambassador Dawes that it would be unwise to hold a conference without sufficient preparation. But the fact remains that the American public, weary of having its interest alternately quickened and quashed, grows testy. If it takes four months to achieve a few "agreements of a general character," how long will it be before a disarmament treaty is drafted, signed, and ratified?

▸▸*Long Shot*

A FEW DAYS AGO a New York prohibitionist characterized Fiorello H. LaGuardia as "a sawed-off Big Bill Thompson." There was just enough accuracy in the unfair phrase to make it stick in the mind. The Republican candidate for Mayor of New York is not, strangely enough, the scion of a first family. He lives on University Avenue, the Bronx; in 1882, he was born on Thompson Street, Manhattan, the son of an Army bandmaster. He is rough, ready and tempestuous. For these very reasons, among others, he may make a better showing than would one of the Republican "goldspooners" quadrennially sacrificed to Tammany.

He is short, fat, bandy-legged. His dark skin, crow-black hair, and shining eyes emphasize the Italian cast of his countenance. There is a Latinic extravagance in his oratorical style. On or off the floor of the House he discusses public questions boldly, baldly, and with refreshing shrewdness. Incomparably the abler man, he is like Big Bill in his appeals to, and popularity with, the man on the street and in his love of publicity and theatricalism. A few years ago he brewed beer at his throbbing headquarters in the House

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Office Building to demonstrate the "silliness" of the dry laws and almost wept because he was neither arrested nor padlocked. He brandished expensive and bloody steaks in the House as evidence that the post-War prosperity had reduced the wage-earner to a meatless diet. Possibly he broiled them later on. In hours of ease he cooks even better than he plays the trombone.

In his twentieth year, after a boyhood in Southwestern military posts, he entered the consular service. Returning to New York, he became an interpreter in seven languages at Ellis Island. At night he studied law at New York University, was admitted to the bar, and soon became a Special Attorney General. He has served in the House since 1917, except for a term as President of the New York Board of Aldermen, and another in the flying service, where he won the rank of Major.

In Washington he goes his own way, as scornful of his party's legislative program as of White House receptions or Washington society, sticking his finger into every pie, usually in a minority, always frank, impetuous, energetic, talkative. Unlike some other progressives in Congress, he does not hide under the party wing at election time. When the Republicans won't have him he runs as a Farmer-Laborite or an Independent.

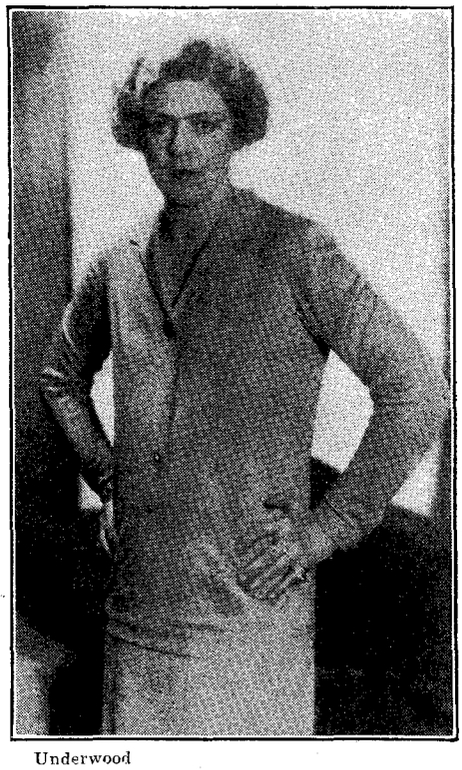
He has come out on top in seven of his campaigns. He likes to recall 1919, when he won the Presidency of the Board of Aldermen by 1,600 votes, the first city-wide Republican victory since 1901. Doubtless it heartens him for his contest with Jimmie Walker. The betting odds against him this year leave him unworried. "There is a long shot winning at Saratoga every day," he says, and adds: "There is one thing I know how to do and that is to beat Tammany Hall."

▸▸*More Stunters*

STILL CONVINCED THAT, if modern life encourages individuals to express themselves by pushing peanuts, holding their breaths, or treading water while playing cornets, such achievements become significant, we continue to report the exploits of eminent "stunters."

Martha Norelius may have her $10,000 prize for winning the Wrigley ten-mile swim at Toronto. Mrs. Corinne Rossburg has bettered by one hour the swimming endurance record of 60 hours made last year by Mrs. Myrtle Huddleston—this by paddling round and round a swimming pool near her home in New York until she was carried, unconscious but victorious, to a hospital.

Another intrepid New York swimmer is John Fagen, who, though he failed in his first attempt to swim from the Battery to the Statue of Liberty and back with his hands and feet shackled with chains, has announced that he will soon try again.



Underwood

BLAMED

Ethel Barrymore criticized by Equity's president for her attitude during the Hollywood strike

Swimming was also the motif of an American-Turkish wedding recently solemnized at a Riviera resort. Miss Hilda von Herrich of Kansas City and Maurice Chalom of Constantinople, heedlessly tracking sand and dripping water into the office of the Mayor of Antibes, were married in their bathing suits. Their attendants were similarly clad; their honeymoon, appropriately enough, was a swim in the Mediterranean. Not to be outdone, Miss Gladys Walton and Clifford R. Parliman, a few days later completed their marriage vows above the roar of an airplane flying 5,000 feet over Roosevelt Field, Long Island. Miss Virginia Cole of Buffalo and Hugh Wise of the Canton, Ohio, baseball team were married in sight of thousands of fans, after which Mr. Wise put on his mask and caught in a game with Akron.

As to the Baltimore juvenile flagpole sitters, not alone the juvenile endurance record, but the 23-day adult record held by "Shipwreck" Kelly collapsed before the "grit and stamina" of 12-year-old William Wentworth, the boy who read his Bible and listened while his pastor held services at the foot of his pole.

▸▸*Retreat from Hollywood*

MARCHING INTO HOLLYWOOD in June to claim the movies for the American Federation of Labor, the Actors' Equity Association has marched out again with trailing banners. The peace is without victory. On Berkeley Hills the producers have lit no triumphal bonfires for, although Equity temporarily permits members to sign contracts without provisions for a forty-eight-hour week and pay for overtime, it may soon return to the fray, perhaps with new and powerful allies.

Long brewing, the battle of Hollywood may be long ending. Since 1919, when the siege of Broadway terminated with the unionization of the legitimate stage, Equity has looked at the cinema with hungry eyes. Opportunity knocked when the talkies created a demand for speaking actors. Establishing headquarters in Hollywood, Equity placarded the town, held mass-meetings, withdrew members from non-Equity casts, enrolled converts by the score. A few minor producing organizations ran up the white flag. Success seemed imminent, when, almost without warning, came the order to retreat.

President Gillmore attributes the collapse of the offensive to Ethel Barrymore, who, as a member of the Equity war counsel, publicly criticized the method of attack. More likely Equity found the enemy too strong to vanquish by a single push. To triumph, Equity may have to recruit the sympathy and the assistance of the stage hands and electricians, darkening theatres painstakingly acquired by the producers, and withdrawing technicians from studios where elaborate sound devices have made them doubly important.

Momentarily the producers hold the advantage. Yet they may ultimately regret having rejected President Gillmore's offer to recognize casts containing eighty per cent Equity members. To retrieve its prestige, Equity can now be content with nothing less than com-

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plete victory. If President Gillmore's retreat is merely strategic, his next offensive may out-do even David Wark Griffith. All's quiet on the Western front, but probably not for long.

▶▶*City of Churches*

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA, where the murder trial of sixteen young strike leaders opened on August 26, is twenty miles away from Gastonia, scene of their labor struggles and of the fatal police raid of June 7. Charlotte boasts that, next to Edinburgh, Scotland, it is the greatest church-going city in the world. Reverence for tradition explains the acceptance of second place; Charlotte was largely settled by Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who for generations had sent potential preachers to the University of Edinburgh.

Driving their oxen down the Shenandoah Valley to the bottom lands of Sugar Creek in 1750, these flinty pioneers eighteen years later incorporated their town in which, on May 20, 1776, they drew up the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, antedating the Philadelphia document by several weeks. General Cornwallis established headquarters there some months before the surrender at Yorktown, but the furiously resisting Presbyterians won the town the name, "Hornets' Nest."

The rise of the textile industry since 1880 has created the City of Charlotte out of the rambling village which in 1865 entertained the last meeting of the Confederate Cabinet. A score of mills, operating more than 200,000 spindles, whir within its limits. Aggressive Methodist and Baptist churches have made deep inroads on the stately Presbyterian congregations. Nevertheless, the beautifully-spired First Presbyterian Church stands among the oldest elms of the town—elms dignifying the most valuable square in the business district, shading the church-bound elite, reverberating ultra-conservative sermons.

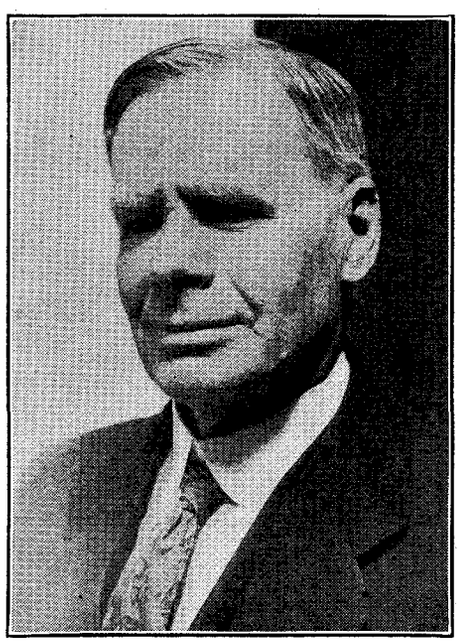
Several other Presbyterian churches, with many Baptist, Methodist, Episcopal, Lutheran, Christian, and Catholic rivals, serve the city's 100,000 souls. Hell and the devil are painted every Sunday. Long prayers rise on Wednesday evenings. Liberalism awaits the next century.

In Charlotte's fine Grecian courthouse, the defendants—all Communists, some said to be atheists—two months ago figured in habeas corpus proceedings prior to their indictment for the slaying of Gastonia's Police Chief. Aiding the prosecution is former-Representative Clyde Hoey, who last year fought anti-Smith Carolinians with cries of intolerance and bigotry. This year he aimed a long finger at a young woman defendant from the North and fired the explosive question:

"Do you believe in God?"

▶▶*The Doctor's Denial*

IN THE FIELD of sweeping denial, the Rev. Dr. James Empringham leaves all rivals as far behind as he left the Anti-Saloon League when he became Superintendent of the anti-prohibition Church



Acme

RENOUNCES HOLY ORDERS

Dr. James Empringham leaves the Protestant Episcopal clergy

Temperance Society. In a letter addressed to Episcopal Bishop Manning, the erstwhile rector not only denies that he practiced medicine in his Health Education Society Clinic in New York and that he fled to California to avoid payment of rent on a building leased for his health center; he also forswears the "Catholic dogmas," the Apostles Creed, in fact, the cloth itself.

Some time after the appearance of his book, "Dangerous Deceits Exposed," attacking the practices of the Catholic party in the Episcopal Church, Dr. Empringham resigned his parish and devoted himself to temperance work, which he eventually broadened to include the health clinic. City and State officials became suspicious of this institution, and charges against the Doctor allege illegal practice of medicine and use of an X-ray without a permit. Moreover, a law firm, acting for a landlord, is eager to bring suit against him for $2,000.

Displeased when Dr. Empringham, no longer dry, announced the anti-Volstead attitude of the Temperance Society, Bishop Manning asserted that the Society was not officially connected with the Church. Last year the House of Bishops declared the Society to be without standing in Episcopal activities. However, neither Dr. Empringham's activities at his health center nor his protestations of a "clear conscience" and his references to "defamers" and disgruntled "discharged employees"—who, he says, have caused all his troubles—are likely to be of immediate concern to the Church. Last June, Dr. Empringham was divorced from his first wife, and, two weeks later, re-married. Hence, says Bishop Manning, "the necessary ecclesiastical action in the case will of course be taken," i. e., Dr. Empringham, as he desires, will be unfrocked.

▶▶*The Tariff—Chapter Two*

READING THE TARIFF measure drafted by Republican members of the Senate Finance Committee, authors of the House bill may have felt like novelists whose work is adapted to the screen. The idea is the same, the treatment different. Compared with the House bill, the new measure is a triumph. Compared with the law in force, it is a cynical jobbery.

Called into session to effect a "limited" readjustment of the tariffs, the House revised more than a thousand rates, most of them upward. In their turn, the Republican Senators changed some four hundred of the House rates. Some it raised still higher, including those on cotton fabrics, pig iron, leather and hides, paint brush handles, milk, and lemons. Others it piously reduced, notably those on linseed oil and sugar. Lower than the House rate, the proposed duty on sugar is still considerably higher than the present one which the Tariff Commission has declared unjustified. Some imports the Senators even placed on the free list, including logs and shingles, most notably manganese, used in the manufacture of steel. Senator Smoot of Utah points out that the manganese industry is a small one, scarcely worth protecting. So is the beet sugar industry, but the Senator decries suggestions that the Mormon

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Church be left to shift for itself in a highly competitive world.

The Republican Senators likewise retailored administrative provisions of the House bill. For the method of evaluating imports by their cost abroad, they substituted the method of United States valuation—according to the American wholesale price—a slick scheme to boost rates. They retained the flexible provision giving the President unprecedented authority to fix rates not only by determining differences in costs of production here and abroad but also differences in conditions of competition.

They also retained and made worse the indefensible provision empowering customs agents to confiscate whatever literature they may deem seditious or threatening to any person within the United States.

However, with the Democrats and the Progressives, headed by Senator Borah, sharpening their scissors for wholesale elisions and emendations, the measure finally emerging from the Senate may resemble the Republican Senators' bill as little as it resembles the House bill. There is no telling what will be done until it is done. The one thing fairly certain is that the debate will be long and bitter.

▶▶*A War on Unemployment*

ARMED WITH THE Foster-Catchings plan, approved by President Hoover, an organization to be known as the Planned Prosperity League or the Prosperity Reserve League is to impress American communities with the desirability of saving up construction of public works against a rainy day.

It is the belief of William T. Foster and Waddill Catchings, co-authors of books and pamphlets on the subject, that Federal, State, and local governments should systematically plan public construction in advance. Then, when signs point toward business depression, credits for planned construction should be released and the slack of unemployment taken up. Overtures in behalf of this plan began last November when former-Governor Ralph O. Brewster of Maine presented it to a conference of Governors at the request of President Hoover. It is meeting with the approval of business men and the United States Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Hoover's recently expressed opinion that its prospects depended upon the extent of public information has led to the scheduled campaign of education.

As Otto T. Mallery, member of the President's conference on unemployment, has pointed out, the effect of releasing a public works reserve during a period of unemployment would be to hearten private industries to resume work in the knowledge that new orders lay just ahead. Since wages thus paid would create purchasing power, other industries would receive corresponding boosts. Such a system might well tide over a minor industrial crisis. That it would do so in a major one seems less sure. At any rate, the plan deserves consideration and trial. It is a thoughtful attempt to solve a depressingly difficult problem.

Remarkable Remarks

Next to prayer fishing is the most personal relationship of man.—PRESIDENT HOOVER.

After all it is the serious things of life that are of real consequence. —CALVIN COOLIDGE.

Salesmanship, not statesmanship. That's what the United States needs.—AMBASSADOR ALEXANDER P. MOORE.

Prohibition is effective with ninety-nine per cent of our population. —HENRY FORD.

Until politicians are made to obey the laws which they enact, we cannot expect respect for law.—MRS. MABEL WALKER WILLEBRANDT.

By some hook or crook Satan has got into the seminaries of theology, and the clergy of tomorrow are being debauched.—H. L. MENCKEN.

Motion pictures probably exceed in influence all the Sunday Schools in the country.—DR. S. PARKES CADMAN.

New York is a crazy city and America is a madhouse. That's why I came back.—RALPH BARTON.

The simplest way of accomplishing naval reductions would be to suspend all building operations until the experts arrive at an agreement, and set no time limit on the next conference.—EDWARD HOPE.

Come on, downtrodden, let's finally give some cheers! "The Senate met and adjourned in three minutes."—WILL ROGERS.

▶▶*Ban on Dueling*

THE *affaire d'honneur* IS without honor in Italy. The Mussolini frown has deepened at the sight of army officers endangering their lives and military usefulness by dueling, their favorite sport. The Premier has found compulsory arbitration useful in settling labor disputes; he therefore prescribes it for the settlement of chivalrous differences between military men. The errant knights are fortunate; being Mussolini, he might have prescribed castor oil.

Suppose honor has been smirched, the glove cast down, the seconds named. The seconds are instructed, first, to do their utmost to settle the affair amicably on the spot. Failing this, they must draw up a complete report, giving both sides of the question, and submit it to a jury of honor appointed by the commanding officer of the region. After due thought, the jurors may do one of three things. They may declare that there is no ground for fighting. They may fix upon a method of conciliation by exchange of words or of letters, to be brought off without detriment to the honor of either contender. Or, if the situation is grave, the jury may decide not to intervene, in which case the duelists may fight if they please.

This is very dignified and will be efficacious, no doubt. But is it Fascism? We had always thought that if Mussolini wanted to bring dueling to an instantaneous end he would simply bark out, "No Dueling."

▶▶*Deluding Sufferers*

CANCER WAS PERHAPS the outstanding topic discussed by the thousand physicians and biologists at the International Physiological Congress at Harvard. Professor Boris Solokoff, a Russian, revealed the relative success, at least on rats, of a strange remedy, an extract of the cortex of the suprarenal glands (near the kidney) combined with iron and a coal tar product. The cancer cells are oxidized—literally burned up—by the substance, normal cells remaining normal. "Corferrol" is its name. Of two hundred cancerous rats, all but five were cured, according to the proponent.

This adds one more method to the long array proposed in recent years by legitimate scientific workers, none of whom, despite enthusiastic claims, seems to have brought us measurably nearer a practical cure.

Each year we hear of more scientific cures, not to speak of those proposed by cranks and crooks, and each time thousands of sufferers are given hopes which cannot be realized—at least, not before too long a period of years. It is a mistake to broadcast accounts of cures still

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in the rat stage of research and therefore unlikely to be available to the actual cancer sufferer before several years. Matter of this kind should be confined to medical journals until the newer methods of attack have given definite promise of superiority over the only two demonstrated methods at present available—surgical excision and, in more limited circumstances, radium.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

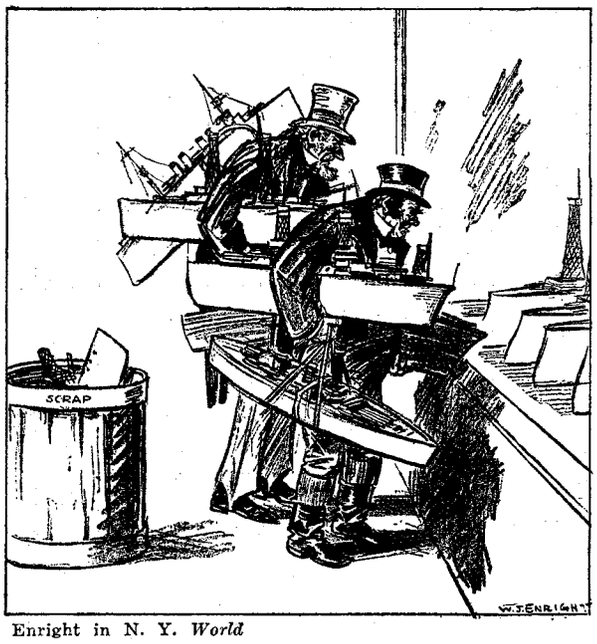
PROPAGANDA, LIKE MURDER, will out. The *Saturday Evening Post* is now running a series of articles on war propaganda which must jar the most philosophic. The anonymous author, who supervised dissemination of propaganda in many nations on a grandiose scale, takes us behind the scenes and permits us to see ourselves as the makers of public opinion saw us. To them, we discover, we were only puppets who danced and grew hysterical and went to war with hate in our hearts under the spell of well-paid phrase-makers and passion-rousers. It is, to our mind, a sorry picture, and what hurts most is that it might happen again. The same forces would be at work on us again, should the occasion arise.

These thoughts are prompted by the disclosure that William B. Shearer—"Captain," we think he called himself—has long been in the pay of private ship-building interests, against which he has brought suit "for services rendered" to the amount of $250,000. To the public, of course, William B. Shearer is only a name, but we know him as the ablest advocate of big navies to roam Congressional and Navy Department corridors in many a year. To us he was, presumably, a wealthy individual romantically attached to ships as such, and with extreme ideas concerning the need of a navy second to none. We suspect, however, that what we thought was disinterestedness constitutes the "services rendered" which he assesses at $250,000.

The Press, of course, has paid conventional attention to Shearer's suit but it has failed—and for good reason, perhaps—to give the whole intriguing story. We do not exaggerate, we believe, when we suggest that statesmen and organized governments and the unorganized common people may learn a lot from this seemingly unimportant incident of a lawsuit.

"Captain" Shearer is a tall, blond, handsome individual. He has an endless fund of information, he is a brilliant conversationalist, his is a vivid personality. He has been everywhere, played a part in picturesque events in every part of the globe, met the all-highest of every country. He is an authority on naval matters and the navies of the world.

He has, through the years since naval disarmament became a major problem, been a frequent visitor to Washington and to other world capitals. Here he has supplied members of Congress with data to support their speeches and statements that the United States is far behind Great Britain in naval strength. He has, when they desired it, written parts of their speeches or obtained official documents substantiating their assertions. Strangely, his facts have rarely been questioned by naval experts, even when they related to fairly obscure items of armament. There has been no discrepancy between his figures and the secret statistics of Navy Department, we have found on several occasions. We concluded that he had ready access to navy files or to somebody who did.



Enright in N. Y. *World*

Two Old Gentlemen in search of Parity

Correspondents at Geneva know him, too, since he attends disarmament conferences regularly. A certain New York Congressman whose district includes the Brooklyn navy yard, and who, therefore, became the medium for expression of Shearer-furnished facts, maintains that the "Captain" helped to break up the 1927 preliminary conference at Geneva. Disclosures of several differences and rivalries between the negotiating powers, we are told, first reached the European correspondents through Shearer.

Great, conservative newspapers have obtained from him facts which went into the shaping of stories that bewailed the deterioration of the fleet. The *New York Times,* some years ago, scooped the nation by publishing confidential reports to this effect from the Navy General Board. Soon thereafter Shearer wrote many front-page and magazine articles for the *Times,* and the tenor thereof was the need for more and better ships. He might almost have been that newspaper's naval editor. Never, so far as we recall, did the Navy General Board deny the correctness of Shearer's data or the extreme nature of its warnings as published by the *Times.* Now, we derive some amusement in noting that the Navy Department issues a formal denial that Shearer has been an aide or advisor to the general board. The admirals promptly deserted their erstwhile spokesmen, we learn, by pointing out that Shearer's only connection with the navy was as an electrician's mate during the Spanish War.

We do not mean to condemn Captain Shearer. We even credit him with sincerity in all he did, even though, it appears, he was well paid for his activity. What concerns us the ease with which he used members of Congress, newspapers and newspaper correspondents here and at Geneva. It has been a demonstration of hidden propaganda—hidden insofar as his asserted association with private shipbuilders is concerned—that gives us the shivers. More important, it reveals that great financial and industrial interests here and abroad, for selfish and profitable purposes, are carrying on a deliberate movement to block naval disarmament and its hoped-for corollary, permanent peace. It shows also, to our mind that our American admirals and British sea lords are stooping to play the same game. What, we wonder, is a warless world between admirals and shipbuilders! —A. F. C.

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Another Job for Mr. Hoover

An Editorial by Charles A. Beard

AMID all the uproar over farm relief one important phase of the subject has received little or no attention at the hands of the relievers, namely, the system of land banks already operating under federal auspices.

That system, created during the régime of President Wilson, was organized for the purpose of making loans to farmers at low rates of interest—five or six per cent as compared with eight, ten, and even twelve per cent previously paid in large sections of the country, especially the West and South. The money for these loans was secured from the investing public mainly by the sale of bonds at low rates of interest—four to five per cent—on the solemn pledge of the Federal Government, registered in statutes, to the effect that the federal and joint stock land banks would be administered along lines of sound finance. That pledge embraced four fundamental principles (1) valuations of land for loans were to be conservatively made; (2) an adequate margin of safety was to be provided for all bonds issued; (3) all bond issues were to be inspected and approved in advance by the farm loan authorities at Washington; and (4) all the banks were to be periodically inspected by federal officers with a view to assuring the enforcement of the rules of safety. The Federal Government did not guarantee the land bank bonds, but it did guarantee that the administration of these banking institutions would be in accordance with the pledges made in the statutes.

What has been the result? Under Harding and Coolidge, to go no further back, the statutory guarantees of the Federal Government were flagrantly violated in many cases. There were over-valuations of land—as demonstrated by bankruptcies, declines in bond values, and accumulating lands taken under foreclosure. The promise that there would be an adequate margin of safety in valuation was not fulfilled; the prices of land bank bonds are sufficient proof. The inspections required by law were not regularly made; on its own confession, the Farm Loan Board allowed some banks to run over long periods of time without even a superficial survey of their operations. To cap the climax there have been two or three cases of plain fraud.

Where do we stand now? The permanent system for providing credits to farmers at low rates has been demoralized and public confidence has been impaired. Proof of the fact lies in the present prices of federal land bank and joint stock land bank bonds on the New York counter market. On August 8, 1929, not a single federal or joint stock land bank bond was selling at par; in only two cases was par or better even asked,—for a Minneapolis issue, 100¼, and for Union-Detroit, 100. Only 97½ was offered for federal land bank fives. For Bankers fives, 26 was offered; for Chicago fives, 64; for First Carolinas fives, 66; for South Minnesota fives, 53; for Oregon-Washington fives, 53; for Ohio fives, 30. For Chicago stock, 7 was offered; for First Carolinas, 10; for Des Moines, 3; for Fremont, 35. Of course there has been a general decline in bond prices during the past year, but the decline in many of the land bank bonds has been entirely out of line with the market. Undoubtedly a large number of the banks have been efficiently administered by their directors, but the management of a considerable minority and the long neglect of the federal government have spread distrust with respect to the entire system. Here we have a federal land bank five per cent bond, exempt from all federal and state taxes, selling at 97½, while a Montana Power refunding five of 1943, liable to federal and state taxes, sells at 101. Burnt by its experience, the investing public is not likely to pay high prices for the next issue of land bonds; the best of the banks will suffer from the misconduct of the worst.

It will be said that President Coolidge, after years of neglect, was finally awakened by the bad odors emanating from the federal farm loan system and appointed Mr. Eugene Meyer, the New York banker, to the post of farm loan commissioner, with instructions to clean house. That is true, and Mr. Meyer stuck to his post for about two years. He found one of the largest joint stock land banks in bankruptcy, two others on the way, and "a number of federal and joint stock land banks faced with a difficult situation." According to his reports, Mr. Meyer worked hard cleaning house, and in May, 1929, he retired, announcing that the examinations required by law were now being made, that improper and irregular practices had been eliminated, and the management of banks in difficulty had been strengthened and reorganized. President Hoover congratulated him on his achievement and thanked him for his sacrifices.

It is undoubtedly true that the federal administration of the farm loan banks has been greatly improved during the past two years, and that more efficient methods of controlling and accounting have been introduced.

Notwithstanding Mr. Meyer's wonder-working miracles, land bank stocks and bonds have continued their downward career. Before he began, First Carolinas were selling at par; today they are selling at 66. The taint of bankruptcy and irregularity which discredits the system with the investing public has not been removed. A fundamental part of our agricultural credit system is thus in a state of uncertainty, to put the case in the mildest terms. If it is said that the stock and bond holders deserve to lose their money for their stupidity in believing that the federal authorities would do their duty and that the semi-political banks would be competently administered, it must be remembered that in the long run it will be the farmers who will suffer: the permanent federal land bank system is their best hope for credits at a low rate of interest. What of the future? It may be assumed that the Federal Farm Loan Board will be competently

(Please Turn to Page 38)

Where Is Mankind Going?

Study of farm problems and their solution both in America and Europe has fitted Dr. Beard to make the pointed suggestion about our land banks that he offers to President Hoover and the new farm board. An author of several volumes on government, best known perhaps for "The Rise of American Civilization," he speaks with authority. He is one of the regular contributors who discuss in this editorial page the current problems and progress in their special fields of activity and thought.

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The Merest Trifle

By I. A. R. WYLIE

The tragic death of a tiny monkey, "the merest trifle," started a train of thought that brought the writer finally to the most insistent question of to-day: What can we believe? Miss Wylie is a novelist and a frequent contributor to the magazines

HIS NAME was Donko. Or, to be more exact, Donald. Or, to give him his full specification, Dauntless Donald. He had a brother, Cross Chris. One day, somebody in a misguided moment of trust sent me down to Wanamaker's to buy pillow-cases and I bought Donko and Chris instead. At first there was a great uproar, but afterwards everybody realized that I had a genius for values. And some commonplace person bought the pillow-cases.

Measured from tip of tail to tip of nose they were about ten inches long. But as at least six inches was mere tail and only the rest monkey, it wasn't so imposing as it sounds. And at that, most of the monkey seemed to be composed of two bright brown eyes and tufts of rather diabolical looking whisker. The really odd thing about them was the amount of difference they had managed to squeeze into so small a space. No one could have believed that in those tiny heads—not much bigger than my thumb-nail—a creator could have so delicately manipulated the grey matter as to have produced such divergent personalities. Cross Chris, in the jungle whence he came, must have been a sort of Marmoset Babbitt. He was self-assured, capable, cautious and one hundred per cent monkey He had no soul-searchings, no worries, no doubts in himself and no trust in anybody else. And if thwarted, he became very angry. Dauntless Donald was of quite another calibre. You saw it in his eyes, which were questioning, eager, full of an innocent, childlike wonder and pathetically trustful. You knew at once that Donald would be questioning after the Ultimate Reality in his little world and coming to grief as a consequence. A gallant spark of life. The sobriquet "Dauntless" came to him as by right.

In the summer time these two played about freely in the rose bushes of my Connecticut cottage. Sometimes they would hide for hours but always in the cool of the evening they would come scampering across the porch and climb up on my shoulder and go to sleep there. After that nothing roused them. In a compact ball I would finally roll them up in their blanket where they would lie without moving a whisker until I called them in the morning with the breakfast of milk and banana. And so the summer passed happily for them and winter came and the night when we drove down for the last time to the forlorn cottage on which the dank melancholy of autumn had already descended. We packed our summer things sadly. We built great log fires against the insidious, penetrating chill. And I remember with what elaborate care I wrapped up these two small beings. We felt more concern for them than for ourselves, realizing how far we had taken them from their native warmth on our own responsibility. And I remember, too, waking in the middle of the night and comforting myself against the strange ugly thumpings in the room beneath. "The rats have come into the house," I thought. "Only rats—"

IT WAS BITTER rising the next morning. The whole house was full of a miserable, sullen darkness. I built a fire first before I went to arouse the smallest sleepers. Then I found their blanket empty and cold. I knew at once. Something ominous and horrible was in the very air. I turned straight, instinctively to the dark patch under the table. They were there—Dauntless Donald bitten clean through the brain and what was left of little Chris—a Babbitt no longer, but a grievously hurt, pitiably distressed soul clinging to the limp, cold body of his brother.

Donko had had a trick of showing the tip of his minute pink tongue when he was interested or astonished. He showed it now, and his bright brown eyes—incredibly alive—shone through half-closed lids with a last gleam of their puzzled, unprotesting courage.

Well, it will appear foolish to some people that we should have gone to pieces over that little death. And I don't want to seem either sentimental or unbalanced. For I am neither. I have had a rough and tumble life which I should hardly have survived if I had not had a tough soul and a sense of humour. And I knew that what had happened was the merest trifle in the sum total of the world's tragedies—an incident that was being enacted a hundred times a second, one might say a normal and essential item in the scheme of things. Kill and be killed lest we cumber the earth. Besides, I had been through the Great War. I had come as near being casually destroyed myself as is necessary for a just appreciation of man's peculiar manner of conducting himself towards his fellow-travelers. But oddly enough I had never before been quite so sharply hurt as I was in that dim, glacial room. It was like a needle-point landing straight on a nerve. I remember saying to myself over and over again in a kind of cold fury, "I'm through with life,"—not meaning that I wanted to die, but simply that I repudiated with my whole moral being a system in which the murder of Donko was an inevitable commonplace. Of course I realized at once the absurdity of my repudiation. For I was an integral part of that system. Donko himself, a dozen times a day in his innocent search for grasshoppers, was an unconscious and unself-conscious participant. The rat that had hunted him through that black night of terror was itself victim and murderer whose body I might find tomorrow mangled by some force a little stronger and swifter than itself. The shoes I stood up in, the clothes I wore, the food I eat, were all links in the unbreakable chain of cruelty and death by which we hold ourselves to life.

THERE IS NOTHING in the least new in all this. Everybody knows it. But it was like one of those phrases which we use constantly without any particular appreciation—as for instance "the peace which passeth all understanding"—and which suddenly break through to our innermost selves with the shattering force of a new revelation. And I think my reaction was modern and therefore perhaps significant. Through the tiny hole of this little creature's death I seemed to be looking at the whole of life. And I hated it. I condemned it with a dead, cold, intellectual detestation. I was helpless. I was caught in a trap, condemned against the dictates of my moral judgment to

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condone—to participate in an abominable and senseless outrage.

I suppose it was a sort of culmination—a breaking point. Things pile themselves up upon our subconscious until suddenly and violently they break through into the upper strata. And after that they can never be forgotten. It is not that I am unhappy. I eat too well, I sleep too well, I enjoy things too much. But beneath all that I am still imbued with that same implacable condemnation. I am contemptuously aware, of course, of the futility and, if you like, the hypocrisy of this grand, spiritual gesture. I continue to live, for I am full of life and the desire of life. That is a clever little spring in the trap's mechanism. But I maintain my moral right to express my moral opinion of myself and the whole scheme of things in which I have become innocently and criminally involved.

I AM, PERHAPS, a War-product. But curiously enough, the War, though it heightened my awareness of life, did not awake in me any profound sense of horror. There was something voluntary about it, something conscious and willed and therefore not quite inevitable. Men chose to destroy each other for something they held higher than life. That was their choice. There might conceivably come a time when they would choose other means to their end, when their end itself might be brought into line with man's steadily developing conscience. It is not, in fact, the wickedness of man nor his cruelty nor his absurdity that make life appear an unpardonable offense to me. It is the fact that beyond and below him and all about him is a consistent order of things utterly beyond his control, which he himself in his most ingenious moods of deviltry could not have conceived and which he must inevitably come to detest and deny. As he progresses morally—as he brings his violent and destructive temper into submission to the dictates of his mysterious spirit—the more impossible will the maintenance and acceptance of life in its present form become. It will happen sooner or later that man will turn to the faceless Olympians and pass judgment on their works and break the springs of the trap which they have set his race by the one superb gesture of freewill which they have left him.

This is neither so academic nor so fantastic as it sounds. I am speaking of an actuality. Race-suicide is going on in our midst. At present it is not fully conscious of itself. But it will become conscious and it may well become deliberate and organized. For the moment, its effects are counterbalanced by the very forces of morality and civilization which, paradoxically and ironically, are fighting to preserve life. When, however, those forces have spent themselves, when for all his struggles to attain a moral, reasonable and humane world, man is left face to face with an unmoral, reasonless and pitiless universe, there will be nothing left to his despondency but one logical conclusion—that life judged by man's moral nature has been found wanting and unworthy to be lived.

It may be argued that centuries ago men were sufficiently civilized to reach this point and did not reach it. To which might be answered that at the highest moment of their development the civilized have been invariably overrun by the uncivilized and a fresh start has had to be made. In this way, however, history cannot repeat itself indefinitely. Surely but slowly the races and classes of our world are reaching a common level. When the last barbarian has gone over to the ranks of the civilized race—race-suicide will become an accepted theory and a deliberate practice—as it is already accepted and practiced amongst the most cultured and morally advanced nations and classes of our present-day society.

IT IS CUSTOMARY and considered proper to offer the explanation of selfishness and irresponsibility for this phenomenon. For we are curiously devoted to the practice of maligning ourselves. But the explanations are at best only half true. A greater truth is that among thinking and decent people the value and justification of life are becoming increasingly questionable. Men and women are oppressed by a dark sense of their responsibility in bringing into being more victims and oppressors whose end, however they may struggle, remains tragic and apparently purposeless. They choose at any rate to limit their life-giving power to such as they can protect definitely from ordinary hardship and misfortune. But they can not escape ultimate defeat. And they are becoming increasingly doubtful as to whether that defeat should be thrust upon their successors—whether a battle gage should be accepted when all the conditions of the battle deny the fighter's deepest sense of chivalry and justice. The day is approaching—speaking in the time-terms of evolution—when the reasons and explanations hitherto offered no longer will be accepted as adequate and when man may decide deliberately that he has become too clever to be fooled by the honey so temptingly displayed to his appetite and too moral to acquiesce further in an arrangement which seems to him unmoral, degrading and ridiculous. As a race he may declare, as I declared to myself in that moment of clear vision, that he is "through with life."

MOST OF US are tongue-tied and even thought-tied all our lives for fear of the alarmed condemnation of our fellows. The words "morbid" and "blasphemous" flung at anybody who suggests that the grave is to all practical purposes our goal, and that this is not the best of all possible worlds run by a just and beneficent creator, silence us from the start. But it is better not to discuss fundamentals at all if they cannot be discussed honestly and the curse that rests upon all religious discussion is that in print, outside the frankly rationalistic press, nobody dares say what he thinks. To doubt a beneficent creator appears to be almost as disastrous, editorially, as to doubt the power and beauty and glory of advertising. It simply can not be done.

But the statement that man insists increasingly that life shall be morally justified to him cannot be denied. The scores of religions from which he has sought to extract an appearance of reason and fair play are proof enough. Man has loaded himself with incredible guilt in order to justify an incredible Creator. He has imagined alternately a Tyrant and an Idiot whose sense of justice and proportion would outrage the intelligence of a Hottentot. He has woven dense and complicated webs of dogma in which he has tried to lose himself intellectually. Every religion is, in fact, an attempt on the part of man to present his Creator with an alibi. And every attempt has been more and more conspicuously unsatisfactory.

Here lies the real tragedy of our age. On the surface we are enjoying a headlong progress—an increase in the general material well-being which five hundred years ago would have seemed unbelievable. Yet we are infinitely unhappy. We blind and deafen and stupify ourselves with our mechanical toys. But beneath the tumult the one vital question becomes increasingly in-

(Please Turn to Page 35)

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Fighting "Booze" in Belgium

By T. R. YBARRA

WHEN I WAS in Belgium this summer, I was told that just before Albert, King of the Belgians, returned recently to his capital city of Brussels from his trip to the Belgian Congo, certain elements of the population suggested staging a demonstration to call his attention to what they considered an unjust state of affairs. The city was to be decked out with flags and bunting, of course, to welcome the monarch; these disgruntled elements proposed half-masting the flags over their places of business as a means of expressing their dissatisfaction.

They were overruled, however. So great is the King's popularity, especially as a result of his heroic stand against the German invasion of 1914, that the people of Brussels frowned upon marring in any way their welcome to him after his African journey. The discontented ones were compelled to find other ways of expressing their discontent. They voiced it later by means of a procession, which wound its way along the main streets of the Belgian capital, with many of those participating bearing banners on which might be read inscriptions such as: "Down with Prohibition!" and "Give us back the right to sell liquor!"

Those who felt so aggrieved as even to be willing to mingle the expression of their dissatisfaction with the cheers greeting the popular ruler of their country were Belgian hotelkeepers and proprietors of restaurants and cafés who, ever since the promulgation of Belgium's liquor restriction law in 1919, have been prevented from dispensing spirituous beverages on their premises. Nor have they confined themselves to advocating the half-masting of flags or to carrying banners in street parades. So persistent have they been in their complaints against the form of alcoholic prohibition now being enforced in Belgium that a parliamentary commission was appointed last May to investigate the situation and make an exhaustive report, with a view to the possibility of modifying the Belgian liquor law.

But the "wets" in the land of King Albert are not having it all their own way by any means in their campaign for a change in the law. The "drys," not content with the measure of prohibition already existing in Belgium, are doing their utmost to have it made far more stringent. If they had their way, their country would be as bone-dry as the United States is—theoretically. They would amplify the already existing law forbidding the sale and consumption of spirits in the restaurants and cafés of Belgium by prohibiting the consumption of any sort of alcoholic drink anywhere in the land.

THE BELGIAN prohibition law forbids the consumption and sale of spirits at all places accessible to the public, such as saloons, hotels, restaurants, places of amusement, shops, steamboats and all other vessels, trains, street cars, railway stations, and so on, as well as on public thoroughfares. Sale of spirits is permitted only to duly licensed vendors, who must agree not to allow consumption thereof on their premises and not to sell in quantities of less than two liters to each purchaser. The sale of wines and beer is still freely permitted in Belgium, both in large quantities by dealers, and, by bottle or drink, in places of public resorts, including restaurants and cafés.

Agitation for liquor control in Belgium dates back many years. It culminated in 1887 in the passing of a law restricting the consumption of alcoholic beverages. This, however, was by no means severe enough to satisfy Belgian "drys." The percentage of consumption of alcohol per capita of the population rose steadily until, just before the War, it had reached such a height that the "drys" became seriously alarmed.

Then came the World War, and, as was the case in a number of other countries, belligerent as well as neutral, Belgium was made practically "dry" by it. The German military authorities, in command of the German armies which had invaded Belgian territory on their way to France, issued severe anti-alcoholic regulations, which forbade the consumption of spirits both by German soldiers and Belgian civilians. When the Allies triumphed and the Germans were driven out of Belgium, the reinstated Belgian government decided to keep in force the restrictive measures introduced by the invaders. At first the Belgian "wets" thought this war-imposed dryness would be merely temporary. But the government turned such a friendly ear to the pleas of the "drys" that, in September, 1919, less than a year after the armistice, the law enforcing partial prohibition was promulgated which—with certain modifications—has remained in force ever since.

There, as in the other lands seeking to restrict or eradicate the consumption of spirituous liquors, one hears the same old arguments for and against the liquor laws. The Belgian "wets" declare that considerable amounts of spirituous beverages are bootlegged into Belgium or distilled there; and they are especially eloquent in denouncing the law as an infringement of the liberty of the individual citizen. They also point to the flouting of the law by persons who purchase spirits in quantities of two liters and more, alleging that they are to be drunk in their homes by themselves and members of their families or guests, and then proceed to turn their homes into "blind tigers" by selling spirits by the drink to whosoever can get past the guardian posted at the gate.

Against the assertions of the Belgian "wets," the "drys" array the stock arguments advanced by their co-believers in other lands. Statistics, especially, are their long suit. In Belgian prisons, they tell you, there were 5064 inmates in 1913, before prohibition; ten years later, after prohibition had been in force four years, the total had fallen to 4200. Within the same period the number of inmates of Belgian lunatic asylums had been reduced by 137, that of unemployed persons without means of support by 2017. Four years after the advent of prohibition there were 3724 fewer male vagrants in Belgium than in 1913. At one of the principal hospitals of Brussels the number of patients treated for alcoholism fell, within the same period, from 58 to 25—less than half the pre-War figure.

Relying on their interpretation of these and other statistics, the Belgian foes of alcohol are lining up to fight for total prohibition in Belgium. Buttressing their arguments by their entirely different interpretation, the Belgian "wets" hope, within the next few months, to bring back the old pre-War days when one could drop into a chair in front of any café in Belgium and call to the waiter: "Garçon, un cognac!" or "Garçon, un whisky et soda!"

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The Final Years

The Story of Carry Nation

By HERBERT ASBURY

The final years were not kind to the conqueror of Kansas. The flawed mind became more and more evident in speech and action, and she was becoming the butt of college humor. Her work was done, but it had been well done. The saloon was outlawed in the decade after her death in 1911

CARRY NATION was much concerned about the morals of the boys in secular colleges and universities throughout the country, and frequently deplored the fact that they lacked the wise guidance and counsel of the preachers who were constantly on guard at the religious institutions, prepared to combat any tendencies toward worldly lusts and pleasures. She had already visited several mid-Western universities, and had been tremendously flattered and impressed by the enthusiastic receptions which had been accorded her and by the wild cheers that had greeted her rousing tirades against liquor. At the University of Missouri, at Columbia, she lectured in January, 1902, under the auspices of a group of students headed by W. B. Burrus, now a prominent business man in Kansas City, Missouri, but then significantly known as Bottle Bill. According to University tradition, Mr. Burrus and his enterprising associates spent their considerable profits for champagne, although Carry Nation had understood that they contemplated making a substantial donation to the W. C. T. U. The Woolley Club of the University of Michigan gave her a banquet at Ann Arbor, and the function was such a success that the members of the club became her especial pets. "It gave me new life," she wrote, "to look at such men of intellectual and moral force. Oh! For such men to be the fathers of the rising generation! One cannot help but compare the tobacco-smoking, dull-brained, sottish students with these giants of moral and physical manhood. These young men are the greatest argument for prohibition. God will bless the Woolley Club of Ann Arbor and their kind."

But she failed to find any other young men who measured up to the exacting standards set by the extraordinary Michigan students, and her anxiety for their welfare was greatly increased when she began to receive letters from college boys who implored her to visit various schools and rescue them from the morasses of debauchery into which they had unwittingly been plunged. They wrote that saloons operated brazenly upon the very campuses, that intoxicating liquors were served in copious quantities upon their food, that professors not only urged them to smoke but even supplied tobacco, and that the curriculums were permeated with the insidious and demoralizing doctrines of Masonry. One boy at Yale, which Carry Nation always regarded with particular aversion, declared that the brandy poured upon his victuals in the college dining room was so strong that it made him dizzy, and accounted for his low class standing. Another complained that if he rejected such infernal fare, as he wished to do in memory of his mother, he would starve, as there was nothing else to eat. A third, who neglected to sign his name, wrote:

"Dear Mrs. Nation:—As an ardent prohibitionist and an enemy of the liquor traffic, I feel obliged to bring to your notice some of the things that are served to the young men at Yale Dining Hall by the college authorities. [Enclosed were several menus, on which were such items as Claret, Wine Punch, Cherry Wine Sauce, Apple Dumpling and Brandy Sauce, Roast Ham and Champagne Sauce and Wine Jelly.] You will see how many of these dishes are served with intoxicating liquors as sauces. Yale is supposed to be a Christian College, but to give these poisons by consent of the college authorities is nothing more or less than starting them on the road to hell! Please give this matter your earnest attention and see if you cannot stamp this serpent out."

Carry Nation journeyed forthwith to Yale, arriving at New Haven during the afternoon of September 29, 1902. She went directly to the office of Mayor Studley, where she found his secretary, C. E. Julin, himself a Yale graduate, smoking a cigarette. He had no inkling of her presence until she clapped him upon the shoulder and cried:

"Throw that nasty thing away!"

He stared at her in amazement, and she snatched the cigarette. He finally convinced her that the Mayor was powerless to save the Yale boys, and she hurried to the University campus, escorted by members of an undergraduate club called The Jolly Eight, and followed by a throng of yelling students. She attempted to make a speech from the steps of Osborn Hall, but whenever she opened her mouth the boys burst into prolonged cheering, and when they tired of that they sang, impartially, drinking ballads and such temperance songs as "Good-bye Booze," and "Down With King Alcohol." Nothing that Carry Nation said could be heard above the uproar, and she finally turned angrily to a student and asked:

"What's the matter with these rummies? Don't they want to hear me?"

"They're drunk," he replied. "They had ham with champagne sauce for lunch, and they haven't got over it yet."

CARRY NATION rushed to the university offices seeking an interview with the President of Yale, Dr. Arthur T. Hadley. No record of this important conversation exists, but she wrote in her autobiography: "I asked him about these things, and he said he thought the intoxicants were 'fruit juices!' I spoke of the smoking. He said he used to think it was wrong, but when he went to Germany he saw they smoked there. He was taught it was wrong in America, but when he saw it in Germany he thought better of the vice and is now teaching it to our boys. What a shame to have professors in our schools aping the vices of foreigners. People ought to demand another faculty or refuse to patronize such a school. There should be an investigation, and that quick. Students are crying for it. At Yale students are pleading for a moral faculty. The distillers and brewers dominate the Republican party at Yale, and will desolate and enslave our darling boys."

The university authorities declined to revise the school's culinary system, and during the remainder of the afternoon

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Carry Nation marched back and forth about the campus, followed by an enormous crowd of boys who cheered her so vociferously that, although she tried repeatedly, she was never able to deliver her message. The technique that had been so successful in burlesque theaters was useless at Yale. The Jolly Eight finally took her into Mori's Restaurant, a noted undergraduate resort, and induced her to pose for a photograph. She stood beside a table, with one hand outstretched and the other holding a large glass of water, while a dozen students were grouped behind her. Just before the shutter of the camera clicked the boys produced mugs and bottles, held them aloft and quietly assumed positions of drunken abandon. When the picture finally appeared on the campus the glass of water in Carry Nation's hand had been miraculously transformed into a beaker of foaming beer, and a cigarette dangled from her fingers, so that she appeared to have been participating in a drinking orgy of singular depravity. Copies of the photograph were in great demand, and although efforts were made to suppress them, a few survived. One is now a prized possession of the Yale Club in New York.

When Carry Nation returned to New York next day she declared that the Yale boys were "the toughest proposition I have ever met," and described the University as a "school of vice to a great extent." She feared that she had accomplished little by her trip to New Haven. About a month later, on November 14, she spent two hours at Harvard University, where she found boys quite as unregenerate as at Yale; for they were compelled to partake of the same sort of intoxicating provender, and were constantly under the influence of cigarette-smoking professors. A thousand undergraduates were at lunch at Memorial Hall when she appeared in the doorway, surrounded by a grinning committee, and shouted:

"Boys! Don't eat that infernal stuff! It's poison!"

THE STUDENTS promptly abandoned their food and escorted her in a body to Randall Hall, cheering madly and singing "Good Morning, Carrie," a popular song with which she was greeted throughout the East. During the noisy parade across the campus the boys crowded about her, pressing cigars and cigarettes into her hands and pretending great surprise when she wrathfully flung them to the ground. Once inside the Hall she was urged to make a speech, but she had proceeded no farther than "I ask you, boys, ain't it a shame—" when the undergraduates began to sing:

"Ain't it a shame, a measly shame,
To keep your baby out in the rain?"

They sang it over and over, and Carry Nation became so enraged that she ran about the room slapping faces and grabbing cigarettes and pipes, meanwhile crying that every one at Harvard was a hellion. She finally left Randall Hall, but the students surged about her and swept her downtown to the Sanders Theater. The doors were closed, but the boys smashed their way in and triumphantly bore Carry Nation to the stage. She again attempted to speak, but was continually interrupted by cheers and snatches of song. At length she quit in disgust and abandoned the Harvard boys to their fate, which she firmly believed would be quite as horrible as that to which the Yale lads were destined.

WHEN MCKINLEY died Carry Nation transferred her political hatreds to Theodore Roosevelt, and inveighed against the new President at every opportunity. She objected to his family coat of arms as "in violation of every principle of American citizenship;" she accused him of being a Mason, a Red Man, and a member of the Order of Eagles, "the strongest liquor organization in the United States;" at her lectures she invariably exhibited a whisky flask bearing his picture "in the most appropriate place I have ever seen it," and she denounced him as a friend and patron of the brewers and distillers. "I have it from three eye-witnesses that Roosevelt smokes and did smoke cigarettes," she wrote. "And when he came to Topeka, Kansas, he outraged every loyal citizen of the state by bringing into it a dive in his private car, and all who wished an intoxicating drink could get it by tipping the waiter. He ought to have been arrested as any other dive-keeper. I am so true a daughter of the Revolution that such a President as Theodore Roosevelt is an insult to my sires. Oh, shades of American heroes! Look down and condemn this outrage to your ashes!"

She went to Washington on November 19, 1903, with the avowed intention of inducing the President to mend his ways, or at least to forswear cigarettes and resign from the fraternal orders. At the White House she was denied an audience, but she refused to leave, and for more than an hour moved restlessly about the ante-rooms, to the great annoyance of Mr. Roosevelt's secretary, William Loeb. Presently a delegation of pompous political personages emerged from the President's private offices and Carry Nation promptly accosted them.

"WILL YOU gentlemen tell me something?" she inquired.

"Certainly, Madam," replied one. "What can we do for you?"

"What is the difference between the Republican and Democratic parties?"

"Why—er—that is—ahem!" he cleared his throat and hesitated.

"Is it possible," asked Carry Nation, sternly, "that you do not know?"

But the politician "looked silly and said nothing." Finally Mr. Loeb came to his rescue and said:

"Madam, we do not wish any questions on that subject."

"It's a civil question," retorted Carry Nation. "It ought to have a civil answer."

The political gentlemen took advantage of the diversion to hasten away, and Carry Nation began yelling that they were rummies and scoundrels, whereupon Mr. Loeb summoned a White House policeman and ordered him to conduct the crusader to the nearest exit.

"If I was a brewer or a distiller I could have an interview with the President," she shouted. "As a representative mother I ought to be received."

When the policeman gently nudged her elbow she screamed:

"I am going to pray for a Prohibition president, young man, and we will have one. One who will represent the people and not the distillers and the brewers."

But Mr. Loeb was adamant, and she was "taken outside in a very orderly manner, something unusual, for I am hustled and dragged generally." She attempted several times to re-enter the White House, but was restrained, and finally went to the Capitol, where she came upon Francis M. Cockrell, United States Senator from Missouri, walking through a corridor. She stopped him and asked his views on the liquor question.

"I want no one to mention that subject to me!" he cried.

"It is strange to me," said Carry.

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Nation, "that you do not want to converse on the greatest subject before the American people."

The Senator shouted at her, and she shouted at the Senator. Then the Senator became indignant and stamped his foot, and Carry Nation became even more indignant and stamped both feet. Senator Cockrell presently became aware that they were surrounded by laughing sight-seers, so he turned and fled down the hallway, while Carry Nation screamed after him:

"Down with your treason! Down with your saloons! You are sent here to represent the interests of the mothers and children, and you insult a representative mother because you are representing the interests of the brewers and distillers!"

She strode triumphantly through the corridors, followed by a curious crowd. But she found no more Senators, many of whom had locked themselves in their private offices when they learned that she was in the building. At length she wandered into the Senate Gallery. There she watched in silence for a few moments while the few members at their desks nodded and the clerk droned through a pension bill. Suddenly she jumped to her feet and shouted at the top of her voice:

"Anarchy! Conspiracy! Treason! Discuss those!"

The sleepy Senators blinked in amazement as she leaned over the gallery railing and shook her hatchet at them, but before she could say anything more guards hustled her into the street and sent her to a police station under arrest. She was asked her occupation, and replied loudly:

"Servant of God!"

BUT THE obtuse policeman wrote merely "servant," and refused to change it despite her vigorous protests. Thereafter, when she was asked the question, she refused to answer. She acted as her own lawyer in Police Court, contending that she had merely turned in a fire alarm, or at least that the principle was the same. The Judge said that he sympathized with her, but that he was nevertheless compelled to impose the maximum fine of twenty-five dollars, which she paid from a huge roll of bills that covered the bottom of her satchel. "I have had just such sympathy as this from all Republican judges," she said. "It's the kind of sympathy that a cat has for a mouse when she crushes its bones in her teeth."

A saloon-keeper named G. R. Neighbors broke a chair on Carry Nation's head on July 22, 1904, at Elizabethtown, Kentucky, and she was so severely cut and bruised that she was compelled to retire from public life for a period of recuperation. But she delayed her recovery by frequently getting out of bed and crawling about on her knees, "thanking God that I was counted worthy to suffer;" and she was still indisposed early in September, when she received the following remarkable letter from Mrs. Lucy Wilhoite, who had been such a tower of strength to her during the Wichita smashings of 1901:

"DURING a severe illness last July the Lord appeared to me and revealed many wonderful things concerning our work. . . . My life was despaired of by my friends, and I knew I was very near the borderland, and as I lay on my bed of suffering in the still hour of midnight, God showed me the awful desolation which our thirty-eight saloons and five wholesale liquor houses were making in the homes of Wichita and surrounding country. The sight so overwhelmed me, I cried unto the Lord and said, 'Oh my God! Have I done all I could during this life of mine to dam up this fearful tide? Show me, Lord, what this means.' Immediately a great cloud of human souls came rolling down a steep decline, and as my eyes followed them, I saw them rolling on and on until they finally fell into a pit from whence fire and smoke were ascending. Then my eyes were turned again up the ascent from whence the souls were coming. When lo! I saw the National Capitol, with its Senate and Congressmen. I saw the Legislative Halls and our Educational Institutions. I saw our churches with their educated ministry, and their secret societies, and our public libraries, and reading rooms, our National, State and Local W. C. T. U.'s, all of them right in the track of this awful tide of human souls, yet they still rolled on and on until they reached the pit. Then I cried again unto the Lord and said, 'Oh! Why do you show me these horrible things, when I am on the brink of the grave?' And still the picture or vision remained before me, growing more and more vivid until I struggled to my knees and said, 'O God, if I can do anything to dam up this fearful tide just heal this body, and let the healing be the seal that I can do something to help, and I shall do it if it costs my life.' Then a deep calm and soul rest settled over me, and I sank into a deep sleep, and when I awoke I realized the pain was gone, and also the fever. I lay there, looking up to God, and I said, 'Now, Lord, show me what you want me to do.' Immediately like a great scroll reaching across the sky, these words appeared, written in letters of gold, 'Spill it out!' Then He showed me the very place I was to attack—Mahan's Wholesale Liquor House."

MRS. WILHOITE added that she proposed to carry out God's plan as soon as practicable, and urged Carry Nation to hasten to Wichita and lead the expedition against the brothers Mahan, who had already undergone severe punishment at the hands of the Kansas crusaders. For not only was their property, the Hotel Carey, the first to feel the weight of Carry Nation's anger when she arrived in Wichita from Medicine Lodge and Kiowa, but only a few weeks before Mrs. Wilhoite's vision, Mrs. Myra McHenry, the noted Elk County smasher, had made a successful foray against one of their saloons at Derbe, a few miles south of Wichita. One of the Mahans and Sam F. Amidon, the County Attorney, drove down to Derbe in the latter's new automobile to arrest the raiders, but the motor was soon chugging rapidly northward again, liberally bespattered with eggs hurled by infuriated women who had waylaid them at the outskirts of the village.

Carry Nation disliked to cancel her lecture engagements "because of disappointing the people and entailing a great financial sacrifice," but she was even less minded to disobey the clear command of the Lord. So she notified Mrs. Wilhoite that she was coming to do all she could "to smash the works of the devil, and if need be to die," and fixed September 28, 1904, as the date of the attack. As the fateful day approached she dispatched this stirring call to the *Topeka State Journal:*

I ask all women over the state and elsewhere to meet me at Wichita on September 28th. Bring your hatchets with you. I will pay the railroad fare of those not able. Now, this appeal is made to the gentle, loving, brave Christian women whose hearts are breaking with sympathy for the oppressed.

Carry Nation herself, however, did not arrive in Wichita until the afternoon of September 28th, and accordingly the raid was postponed for twenty-four hours. She was disappointed at not

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finding the city filled with armed women from all parts of Kansas, but was pleased to learn that the state convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union was in session. She fully expected to recruit from the ranks of the delegates as formidable an army as had followed her in Topeka, for she clung tenaciously to the belief that she was still regarded as the temperance Messiah. On the morning of September 29th she filled a large gunny sack with stones and sharp hatchets and went to the Methodist Episcopal Church, where she addressed the convention. The reception accorded her was an excellent indication of the extent to which her popularity had declined. The church auditorium was packed with women who listened politely and cheered her denunciatory references to the liquor traffic, but when she asked for volunteers to accompany her, only four stepped forward. And they were all battle-scarred veterans of the liquor wars—Mrs. Wilhoite, Mrs. McHenry, Miss Lydia Muntz, and Miss Blanche Boies, who, on March 24, 1902, had enhanced her renown by invading the private office of Mayor Parker, where she accused him of protecting the joints and lashed him several times with a horsewhip. Having rebuked the W.C.T.U. women for their indifference, Carry Nation distributed arms to her faithful followers, and they set forth, followed by a crowd that rapidly grew larger and noisier. When they reached the warehouse they found three armed men on guard, and Carry Nation greeted them pleasantly.

"WE ARE GOING to destroy this den of vice," she said, "but first we would like to go in peacably and hold gospel services, so we can ask God to save your souls and give us strength to smash this soul-damning business. So please stand aside."

Strangely enough, the guards refused to do so, and Carry Nation cried:

"Women, we will have to use our hatchets!"

She flung a stone through a window, and Mrs. Wilhoite smashed a panel of a door. The guards seized them, the crowd surged forward, and once more the streets of Wichita seethed with excitement. The women were severely cuffed and pummelled. Carry Nation was knocked down several times, and a man who ran from the crowd strove earnestly to dash Mrs. McHenry's brains out with a piece of gas pipe. But whenever he swung his weapon she dodged, and finally he dropped the pipe and grabbed her by the shoulders, shaking her vigorously. She shouted:

"Help! I am being shook to pieces!"

"BITE AND SCRATCH!" shrieked Carry Nation, and, following this sage counsel, Mrs. McHenry was soon free. But by this time the police had arrived, and Carry Nation, Mrs. Wilhoite, Mrs. McHenry and Miss Muntz were hustled into a patrol wagon. Miss Boies escaped, smashed two windows of the warehouse with her hatchet, and fled to Mrs. Wilhoite's home. "We were driven through the streets," wrote Carry Nation, "amid the yells, execrations and grimaces of the liquor element. I watched their faces, and could see that Satan was aroused in them beyond their control, making diabolical faces and sticking out their tongues! There never was such a sight. Angels wept and devils yelled with diabolical glee." They were locked up at Police Headquarters, and next day Miss Boies was arrested when she called to see them. They were not allowed to have visitors, and when a score of their friends gathered outside the building and began to sing hymns and pray, the police dispersed them by hurling buckets of water from upper windows. "It was so ordered," wrote Carry Nation, "that there was a Bible, and as we were not in stocks we had far more to rejoice over than Paul and Silas, holding a continuous praise and prayer service, reading and repeating the Word of God. Sunday morning we squeezed the juice out of some grapes some kind friends had sent us, and, reading for our lesson where Jesus washed the Disciples' feet partook of the sacrament. Sister McHenry sprang to her feet after partaking of the emblems, and said she saw the most beautiful cross on the wall, surrounded by a divine halo, and exclaiming, 'Now I know what it is to have a vision. I thought it might be imagination.'"

The crusaders were transferred to the Sedgwick County Jail on Monday, and on the following Wednesday, October 6th, they were taken before Judge Alexander in Police Ccurt for a preliminary hearing, warrants having been sworn out charging them with malicious destruction of property. County Attorney Amidon appeared in person to prosecute them, while they acted as their own lawyers, with Carry Nation as senior counsel; and their extraordinary interpretations for the law, their attempts to substitute the Bible for the Kansas statutes, their calm disregard of the court's rulings, and their hostility toward Mr. Amidon, which they concealed not at all, soon had the crowded court room in an uproar. Carry Nation refused to permit the County Attorney to examine his own witnesses, and when Judge Alexander suggested that she sit down and await her turn, she shouted:

"Young man, don't you dare tell me to sit down! I'm old enough to be your mother!"

And whenever Mr. Amidon attempted to enter an objection, which he did frequently because of the nature of the questions which Carry Nation asked on direct and cross examination, she shook a finger at him and cried:

"HOLD YOUR TONGUE! Hold your tongue!"

She went on the witness stand herself after a while, and was asked by Mrs. Wilhoite:

"Have you any malice toward Sam Amidon?"

"If it were possible," she said, pausing and clearly intimating that it was not, "I'd rescue Sam Amidon from the burning brands of hell!"

A few minutes later the crusaders were unable to find one of their documents, which they said was an important affidavit by a brewer. They pointed to the County Attorney and began shouting:

"He took it! He took it!"

"Now, ladies," admonished Judge Alexander. "Mr. Amidon wouldn't steal your papers."

"Ah," said Carry Nation, "You don't know him like we do."

When order had been restored Mrs. Wilhoite procured a Bible.

"Now," she said, "I'll read from Ecclesiastes."

"Is there anything in Ecclesiastes about this case?" asked Mr. Amidon.

"Shut your mouth, you perjurer!" cried Carry Nation. "We're trying this case by divine law, not by Kansas law!"

But Judge Alexander finally convinced her that he would be compelled to base his decision on Kansas law, and Ecclesiastes was reluctantly abandoned. Presently J. P. Mahan, president of the warehouse company, testified, and Carry Nation asked him who paid taxes on his building.

"I presume the owner does," he replied. "We only rent it."

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"Oh, well," she said, "it doesn't matter. It's all a farce, anyhow."

"It's all bug-house!" shouted a man in the rear of the court-room, and the audience roared with laughter. Scandalized bailiffs ran wildly about trying to find the disturber, but he crawled along the floor and popped up far from his original seat, and watched innocently while the court attendants prowled suspiciously through the crowd. There were several more such interruptions, and Judge Alexander finally stopped the proceedings and held the smashers for trial in the District Court. They were tried and convicted on April 14, 1905. Carry Nation was fined two hundred and fifty dollars and sentenced to four months in jail; Mrs. McHenry received a prison term of two months and was fined one hundred and fifty dollars, and Mrs. Wilhoite was fined one hundred and fifty dollars and sentenced to twenty-five days. The jail sentences, however, were suspended during good behavior, and the crusaders were never imprisoned, for thereafter they let Wichita severely alone.

THE SHEATH GOWN entered American fashions during the spring of 1908, and Carry Nation promptly added her voice to the storm of ministerial condemnation which greeted the bold pioneers who first slithered about the streets imprisoned in this extraordinary garment. She caused a flurry of apprehension among the society ladies of Washington, where she was living at the time, by publicly announcing that, "the first time I see a woman with one of those things on I'll tear it off her back," but there is no record that she ever did so; and she soon forgot the sheath gown in the excitement of the national convention of the Prohibition Party, at Columbus, Ohio, which she attended as a delegate from Washington. There she met Mr. E. Scryngeour, of Dundee, Scotland, who was in America studying the progress of anti-liquor movement. He suggested that she visit the British Isles, and she arranged to begin a campaign in Scotland in the following autumn under the banner of the Scottish temperance societies, agreeing to pay her own expenses and take two-thirds of the proceeds of her lectures and other public appearances. She sailed from New York on the steamship Columbia on November 22, 1908, accompanied by her niece, Miss Callie Moore of Kansas City, Missouri, who told reporters that she was ambitious to follow in the footsteps of her illustrious aunt.

"I'm preparing," she said, "and as soon as I get a little more courage I hope to smash something in a saloon."

The crusader had a pleasant voyage, smashing a mirror in the bar and interfering considerably with the flow of intoxicants, but when the Columbia docked at Glasgow the ship's officers and the remainder of the passengers appeared to be unaccountably nervous and irritable.

CARRY NATION'S first platform lecture abroad was delivered in Glasgow before a large and enthusiastic audience, and on December 17th she was honored by forcible ejection from a Scottish barroom. After spending about a month in Scotland, during which she lectured at Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Dundee, Perth and other cities, Carry Nation crossed the border into England. She was arrested at Newcastle-on-Tyne for smashing the fixtures in a public house, but was released with a warning and went to Cambridge University, where she spoke to the students, bewildering them with her accent and her amazing vocabulary. Late in January, 1909, she invaded London, appearing at the Canterbury, Paragon and other music halls. Her audiences were large, but they were also very antagonistic, and she was frequently driven from the stage by showers of vegetables and rotten eggs. She was also arrested in London, when she borrowed an umbrella from a fellow-passenger in an underground train and broke the glass over a cigarette advertisement. For this she was fined five shillings and costs, which were thirty shillings more. Mobs hooted and jeered her in Dublin, and early in March she sailed for home on the steamship Baltic. There was much drinking on this vessel and when she found that many of the women passengers were imbibing freely she complained to the captain. "We had quite a little quarrel," she wrote. "The result was that there was no more carrying liquor by the stewards to the women." For a tip she gave her own steward a small hatchet encrusted with glass ornaments. She landed at New York on March 22, 1909, and in the newspapers announced several important discoveries relating to various phases of life in the British Isles:

Fogs are God's judgment on tobacco users.

Britain is cursed with the House of Lords. To call it the House of Frauds would be more truthful.

It is universal in England that women black the men's boots and shoes.

I never saw such nervous women in my life as there are in Britain. Their conversation is affected; their voices are high and they use the rising inflection. I believe the reason of this is the tea drinking. Nearly every man, woman, and child is a tea fiend in Britain. It is nothing for them to drink three or four cups of tea at a meal.

There is one thing I wish America would imitate England in. People do not chew gum there.

Scotchmen appear so much more genuine than Englishmen; they are more respectful to their wives, and to women generally.

SEVERAL SMALL parcels of Oklahoma real estate, which Carry Nation owned, greatly increased in value during the period of development that followed the state's admission into the Union; and when she sold them, soon after her return to the United States, she had sufficient money to purchase a large tract of Ozark Mountain land in Boone County, northern Arkansas, a few miles from the village of Alpena Pass. In April, 1909, she began the construction of the modest cottage which was her home for the remainder of her life. "I have always desired a home in the country," she wrote, "where I could have the vegetables, flowers and animals that were the companions of my youth; and where I could look at the rocks and the trees and drink the water from the springs. The secular press is reporting the fact that I have gone into retirement to enjoy the money I have accumulated. This is a mis-statement, as I have a more active campaign for the summer (of 1909) than I ever had before. From the first of July to the last of August I have been secured for thirty Chautauqua lectures by S. M. Holloday, of the Midland Bureau of Des Moines, Iowa."

She delivered thirty lectures, most of them in mid-Western towns, but instead of going to Arkansas when her contract had expired, she turned her face once more, and for the last time, toward the Atlantic seaboard. She was in New York early in November, and on the 6th she was arrested and fined ten dollars for invading the Knickerbocker

(Please Turn to Page 39)

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Changing Investment Methods

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Gammack is one of the well-known younger men in Wall Street

THE insatiable appetite of the public for securities of investment trusts, which has carried the total capitalization of these companies far over the three-billion mark, is illustrated strikingly by the success with which well sponsored corporations of this type have been creating new subsidiaries.

Dozens of instances may be found. Investment companies operating successfully only a few months, seeing the opportunity for investing additional funds, for one reason or another choose to organize new units rather than to expand the initial organization. The reasons for this practice vary. Some trusts find it advisable to secure greater latitude in their investments by setting up new indentures; others desire to create a specialized management company for investments in a special field; the difficulties of managing large sums of money in a single portfolio confront others; but probably the controlling factor is that the new enterprise will have a more popular appeal.

One of the outstanding examples of pyramided control and interlocking investments may be found in the group of companies formed under the auspices of Goldman, Sachs & Co. within the past nine months. Three units of more than $100,000,000 each have been launched by them in that period. All three are selling at a market valuation of between $200,000,000 and $300,000,000 apiece today.

The Goldman Sachs Trading Corporation was the first, organized last December with initial capital of just over $100,000,000. The market value of the shares more than doubled within two months. By merger with Financial & Industrial Securities Corporation, the company's assets were raised to $235,000,000.

Harrison Williams, an outstanding figure in the public utility field, joined forces with the bankers in July in forming the Shenandoah Corporation, a subsidiary of Goldman Sachs Trading Corporation and the Central States Electric Corporation. Included in Shenandoah's initial assets of more than $102,500,000 were 238,096 shares of Goldman Sachs Trading and 480,770 of Central States Electric, received in exchange for 2,000,000 shares of common stock to each of these companies. This represented 80 per cent of the new unit's common capitalization, received by the parent companies for the equivalent of about $12 a share compared with the offering price of $17.50 for the balance sold to the public.

Less than a month later, Shenandoah was inspired to organize its own subsidiary, the Blue Ridge Corporation, with initial assets of more than $127,500,000. Shenandoah subscribed $62,500,000 in return for 6,250,000 shares of Blue Ridge common at $10 a share, compared with the public offering price of $20 on the balance of 1,000,000 shares. Shenandoah in turn finances this purchase by selling additional common and preference stock of its own to Goldman Sachs Trading and Central States Electric somewhat below the current market price.

Out of these three flotations, then, we have this interlocking structure: Blue Ridge Corporation, with something over 1,000,000 shares of preference and 7,250,000 common; Shenandoah Corporation, owning at least 6,250,000 shares of Blue Ridge, warrants for additional shares, 238,096 shares of Goldman Sachs Trading and 480,770 of Central States Electric; Goldman Sachs Trading and Central States Electric each owning 375,000 out of 1,750,000 shares of Shenandoah preference and 2,375,000 out of 5,750,000 of Shenandoah common. Simply through the advantageous prices of inter-company purchases and the avidity with which the public picked up the offered shares, Shenandoah Corporation has a paper profit of better than $100,000,000 on its Blue Ridge stocks, based on market prices, and Goldman Sachs Trading and Central States each have better than $50,000,000 profit on their Shenandoah.

One notable contribution to investment company financing was evolved in building up this pyramid. It was a principle that has been applied commonly to holding companies but never, as far as public records show, to investment and trading companies. At the time of its offering of stock, the Blue Ridge Corporation announced that it was prepared to receive tenders of stocks in a list of twenty-one corporations in exchange for its own preference and common stocks at a fixed ratio. For purposes of exchange Blue Ridge shares were taken at their offering price, or well below the open market price which the public was willing to pay. The equivalent cash prices on the list of shares were about at the market on the New York Stock Exchange.

By this method, the company proposed to build up its portfolio without going into the market in competition with other buyers, corporate or individual. The investments asked for included these recognized leaders: Allied Chemical & Dye, American Telephone, Santa Fe Railway, Bethlehem Steel, Consolidated Gas of New York, Detroit Edison, Eastman Kodak, General Electric, International Harvester, International Telephone, New York Central, Pacific Gas & Electric, Pacific Lighting, Pennsylvania Railroad, Southern California Edison, Standard Oil of New Jersey, Texas Corp., Union Carbide, Union Pacific, United States Steel, and Westinghouse Electric.

Only two days after the offering was opened the company suspended it without explanation. Reasons are not hard to find. The first news offered a temptation to arbitrageurs as well as to the permanent investors that Blue Ridge was seeking. By closing the offer suddenly, as well as by other safeguards, the company served notice that the arbitrageurs were not wanted. Further, the prices of the investment stocks in the list had advanced in most cases above the equivalent exchange level.

Termination of the plan did not mean final abandonment of the method. It is hinted, in fact, that investors in the select securities named might still tender their holdings to Blue Ridge Corporation subject to a private offering of exchange on a basis varying according to the market.

As companies of the investment trust type are being organized almost daily, while stock prices are reaching new records for all time, it appears certain that other organizations will follow the lead of Blue Ridge.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

The Week's Reading

The New American Caravan. Edited by Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, Paul Rosenfeld: Macaulay. $3.50.

THE PURPOSE of the *American Caravan* is admirable. The work of unestablished writers is published; and by the very fact that these comparatively unknown authors have not been tempted to conform to the narrow requirements of success, their efforts should be sufficiently genuine both in conception and in execution to define the real trend of literature. Given the unusual opportunity of selecting material for such a book, the editors have had a natural tendency (in their anxiety to present an accurate picture of transition) to mistake the exotic for that which is simply and definitely new. That often happens in *The New Caravan,* and it unfortunately prejudices the general impression of the volume.

One of the principal contributors, Stanley J. Kunitz, pleads as follows in the last stanza of one of his poems:

Keep my soul to ravage,
O keep it savage,
Preserve it lean with hungering,
So may the lean bird sing.

If we were more intent on preaching a sermon, this passage might provide an inspiring text. For many of the Caravan writers have tried painfully to keep their souls savage and lean!

In the work which may be considered to be on the safe side of the exotic the principal theme is readjustment, the chief emotion is the desire to be free of restlessness, and the approach is almost entirely intellectual. Since there is neither harmony nor logic in the universe—not even stability—these new realists are making an exhaustive study of the processes of adjustment. The problem is so complex that they are attempting to solve it in sections, examining a single detail at a time. An extreme example of this method is a biography, "Tracing Life With a Finger;" it is by Erskine Caldwell, and consists of thirty-eight unconnected progressive episodes.

Few, if any, of the other prose efforts are worthy of mention. A brain storm of no slight proportions is described by E. E. Cummings, and there is a long technical essay (which some readers will no doubt find very interesting) by Yvor Winters on "The Extension and Reintegration of the Human Spirit Through the Poetry, Mainly French and American, Since Poe and Baudelaire." Also, there is a play by Paul Green, a folk fantasy in acts and interludes with music and dumb-show. Most of the fiction has a subjective quality which makes it considerably more like an article or a scientific report than a human interest story.

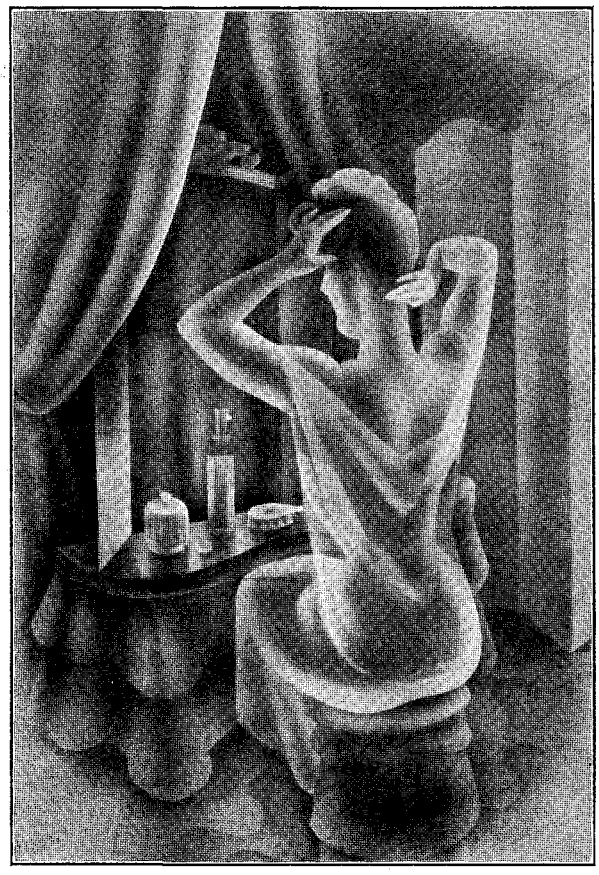

Illustration by Herman Post in "Cheri" by Colette (A. & C. Boni)

The poetry is better; in many instances it is remarkably good. Here, too, we find self-pity and morbidity, the most common manifestations of the restless uncertainty which is the keynote of the modern tendency in literature. But for the most part these poems are conservatively patterned. They are generally sober in theme, imaginative, direct in language, full of new metaphors, and rational. Marjorie Allen Seiffert, John Gould Fletcher, and David Carter have each contributed a fine short narrative; and Helen Pearce has done some commendable descriptive lyrics for the book. By far the cleverest and most entertaining verses are in Wallace Gould's "To Emily," a commentary on five important American poets. The editors wisely included this in the volume, for it typifies another, though minor, trend. In doing so they accounted for practically every new development in the contemporary movement.

John Knox: Portrait of a Calvinist. By Edwin Muir: The Viking Press. $3.50.

PRACTICALLY no authentic information is available on the first half of John Knox's life. Out of the documentary evidence remaining from the second half, Edwin Muir has constructed a convincing portrait of a religious fanatic whose vehemence and consistency of purpose made him one of the heroic figures of the Reformation.

On a limited amount of historical fact the author has built a strong case. Knox suffered a great deal, and in turn he brought misery into the lives of thousands. He pursued power relentlessly, and achieved it. Women sought spiritual guidance from him, and he rescued them from their consciences. His profound certainty of Election to God's chosen and his consequent delusion about his own prophetic powers enabled him to hide, even from himself, many ignoble and unheavenly qualities. In fact, there was nothing either in his private life or in his public career to contradict his being an interesting subject for psychological research.

This provocative and sometime informative book contains an appendix

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which deals with the influence of Knox upon his native country, ending on this note; "What Knox really did was to rob Scotland of all the benefits of the Renaissance." If the great Protestant reformer could have heard this final judgment, he doubtless and straightway would have transferred the responsibility from himself to God, finding justification somewhere in his convenient and terrible Old Testament. He used to find this method of procedure most successful.

Indian Earth. By WITTER BYNNER: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

WITTER BYNNER has spent the last twelve years contemplating the pagan beauty of ancient civilizations. From China where he has been translating an anthology of native verse, he has returned frequently to his beloved American Southwest where he has written for *Indian Earth* several colorful "Pueblo Dances" and a group of dreams and reminiscences, quiet poems inspired by the Lake Chapala district in Mexico.

Throughout the book the selection of material indicates a deep appreciation of poetic values; and the treatment, especially of the short descriptive lyrics, suggests an Oriental influence. What at first appears to be an unstudied directness of expression—almost a series of factual statements—is in reality a deliberate condensation of thought and emotion into a delicate prism of words. And at the end of each of the Chapala poems an unexpected idea is introduced—one which in retrospect determines the whole significance of the mood. Thus a simple experience is made important by a final qualification:

> But the blind guitarist was centuries back in Asia,
> With a moon in his hand and with mango-lidded eyes.

And a sunset is made effective by telling how Montezuma

> . . . setting on his brow the level turquoise,
> Walked with flamingo feathers down the world.

Of the sustained narratives "A Dance for Rain at Cochiti," reprinted from an earlier volume, and "A Dance for Christ" are the most successful. Both of these explain the racial theme of *Indian Earth* and intensify the general impression of pagan beauty; but they lack the charm of the more fragmentary songs with their succession of memorable pictures.

J. DANA TASKER

Modesta. By G. B. STERN. Knopf. $2.50.

FEW CONTEMPORARY writers are as competent as G. B. Stern to build up an amusing and airy tale on a fundamental truth of human nature. Her superstructures are often of the stuff of light comedy but the foundations are solid as Gibraltar. Darwin was of the opinion that the most successful marriage was based on a slight inferiority of the woman to her husband. More recently biologists and certain writers on social questions like Ludovici have held that woman is actually made miserable by well-intentioned efforts to raise her to man's level. With such premises Miss Stern tells her charming and wise story of Modesta, an Italian peasant girl, whose rich young American husband tries to make a lady of her, only to be despised for his pains. Fortunately Laurie Ferrier finds his mistake before it is too late and packs off the lovely little parvenu to a farm in her native land. For his wife's sake, Laurie becomes a peasant and he treats Modesta as proper peasants' wives are used to being treated. This seems normal and suitable to Modesta who begins to think her husband not such a poor creature after all. He, on his part, realizes with no little chagrin that his early chivalrous desire to marry Modesta and take her into a new world of ease and luxury was a form of vanity in himself, rather than any finer feeling. He understands that his attitude to his wife was patronizing and contemptuous in that it took no account of the sturdy qualities of her peasant soul. Actually he had rejected all the fine gifts she had brought to their marriage, in order to make a fashionable woman of her.

Modesta is a modern *Taming of the Shrew,* written with the author's usual sophistication, humor and essential truth. The denouement of the story is delightfully unconventional.

MARY SHIRLEY

Little Novels. By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER: Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

THESE ARE REALLY short stories, not the novelettes with which American admirers of Schnitzler have been chiefly familiar. They are distinguished by the fastidious perfection of technique which has always characterized the author's work. Schnitzler scorns the superfluous, the extraneous. Nevertheless, we have the impression of something slightly out-moded. Most of these stories belong to an era which has passed, even though it be only a decade more or less since the old Vienna, "Wien, sterbende Märchenstadt," became history. In that lost time princes died rather frequently in the arms of their mistresses, duels were fought even outside operetta and men are known to have died on the field of honor, but the laces and letters of fair women of the day are already yellow with years. All these things have a charm somewhat autumnal and melancholy but it cannot be said that the genius of Schnitzler is

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated from the German by A. W. Wheen: Little Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War which shows what the common soldier thinks of it, whatever flag he follows. Reviewed June 5.

They Stooped to Folly, by Ellen Glasgow: Doubleday, Doran. With perfect and terrible detachment the author makes a comedy of dazzling rilliance and exquisite balance. Reviewed August 7.

The Galaxy, by Susan Ertz: Appleton. A book to sink your teeth into and read with a pleasure at once eager and tranquil. Reviewed August 7.

Roper's Row, by Warwick Deeping: Knopf. Against the press of novelists who would destroy the harmless illusions of readers, Warwick Deeping stands as champion. Reviewed August 7.

Hide in the Dark, by Frances Noyes Hart: Doubleday, Doran. The story holds the interest from first page to last. Reviewed August 21.

Non-Fiction

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett: Horace Liveright. A masterly re-creation of a striking and important historical scene. Don't miss it. Reviewed April 10.

Mansions of Philosophy, by Will Durant: Simon and Schuster. Durant is good enough as a popular historian of philosophy but of small stature as a philosopher, himself. Reviewed June 19.

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

Believe It or Not, by Robert L. Ripley: Simon and Schuster. Discussable, no doubt, but not as literature.

A Preface to Morals, by Walter Lippmann: Macmillan. The author analyzes brilliantly the dilemma in which the sensitive intellectual finds himself today and offers a philosophy of life for modern men. Reviewed May 8.

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such as to bridge the distance from a historic epoch to our own and to make his characters or their vicissitudes vital and important to us. There is only one story which seems to us to have the elements of timelessness and universality. Blind Geronimo and his Brother is the deeply moving account of the life-long devotion of one brother to another whom he has accidentally blinded in childhood. Carlo's long struggle to atone for the injury to Geronimo, his despair upon realizing that the boy has always hated and mistrusted him, and his final triumph and joy in the assurance that his ultimate sacrifice has been accepted as he walks proudly toward prison, a thief for his brother's sake, could scarcely be surpassed. The other little novels belong to the period of the Meyerling affair. They arouse only sentimental memories of old, unhappy, far-off things.

MARY SHIRLEY.

New Books in Brief

A Man For A' That. By CHARLES J. FINGER: Stratford. $3.

MR. FINGER thinks his own thoughts, and says what he thinks, and whether you agree or not, his honesty, in this life of Robert Burns, will be refreshing to you. There's a good deal to be said for common sense, even in biography, and there's plenty of it in this book. Also, common sense makes good reading—a fact which many authors don't seem to realize. If you are interested in Burns, we predict that you'll like this book.

Childhood in Exile. By SHMARYA LEVIN: Harcourt Brace. $3.50.

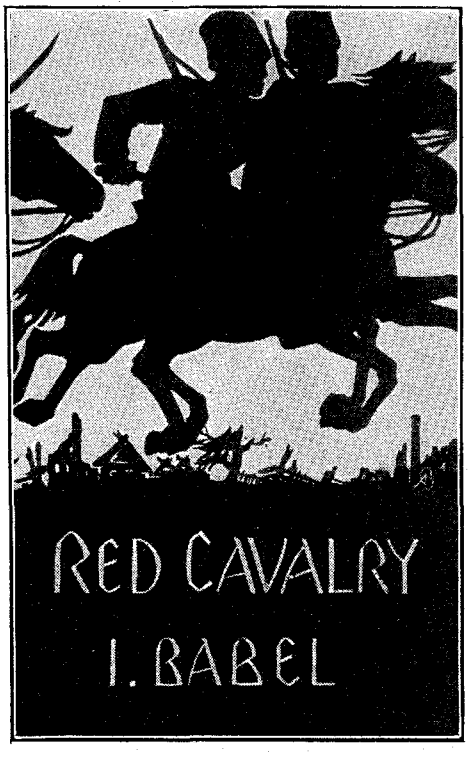
DR. LEVIN, one of the leaders of the Zionist movement, a scholar and political figure known to Jews all over the world, tells in this book a fascinating story of his childhood in a pre-revolutionary Russian town. It is a vivid, graceful and interesting presentation of a, to us, strange and unfamiliar existence.

The Strangler. By MOLLY THYNNE: Minton Balch. $2.

A COUPLE of successful stranglings are the basis for the activities of Inspector Shand and a good deal of excitement for the reader in this very well written detective story. There is an unusual twist to the plot which adds to the thrills.

A Girl in Soviet Russia. By ANDREE VIOLLIS: Crowell. $2.50.

IMPRESSIONS of the U. S. S. R. by a Frenchwoman who has traveled with understanding through that strange



The jacket design for "Red Cavalry", a book about Russia by I. Babel (Alfred A. Knopf)

country. For a general impression of what things are like under the Soviets, we recommend it.

Scraps of Paper. By MARIETTA MINNIGERODE ANDREWS: Dutton. $5.

CHRONICLES of a Southern family during the Civil War and the World War, made up of diaries and letters both of those who went away and those who stayed at home, and containing some interesting pictures of the non-historic side of both wars.

Kindred Arts: Conversation and Public Speaking. By HENRY W. TAFT: Macmillan. $2.50.

TREATING PUBLIC speaking as rather a form of conversation than a separate oratorical art, Mr. Taft gives some very useful hints to those who aspire to either of these accomplishments. In a day when the charge is frequently made that conversation is rapidly becoming a lost art, such a practical plea for its revival should be welcome.

W. R. BROOKS

Forthcoming Books

Night Falls on Siva's Hill. By EDWARD THOMPSON: Dial Press. Sept. 10.

Penrod Jashber. By BOOTH TARKINGTON: Doubleday Doran. Sept. 6.

Thirty Tales and Sketches. By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM: Viking Press. Sept. 7.

The Maurizius Case. By JACOB WASSERMANN: Liveright. Sept. 6.

The Sources of a Science of Education. By JOHN DEWEY: Liveright. Sept. 6.

To-Morrow's Voyage. By LEONARD HESS: Ives Washburn. Sept. 6.

Elva. By DURWARD GRINSTEAD: Covici Friede. Sept. 6.

Pan American Peace Plans. By CHARLES EVANS HUGHES: Yale University Press. Sept. 6.

Whiteoaks of Jalna. By MAZO DE LA ROCHE: Little Brown. Sept. 6.

Falcons of France. By JAMES NORMAN HALL AND CHARLES NORDHOFF: Little Brown. Sept. 6.

Joan of Arc. By HILAIRE BELLOC: Little Brown. Sept. 6.

They Still Sing of Love. By SIGMUND SPAETH: Liveright. Sept. 6.

Napoleon III. By EDMUND D'AUVERGNE: Dodd, Mead. Sept. 6.

Between the Lines. By STEPHEN MCKENNA: Dodd, Mead. Sept. 6.

Mother's Cry. By HELEN GRACE CARLISLE: Harper. Sept. 4.

Five and Ten. By FANNIE HURST: Harper. Sept. 4.

Swift as Any Dream. By ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT: Harper. Sept. 4.

Religion and the Modern Mind. By CHARLES C. COOPER: Harper. Sept. 4.

Field of Honor. By DONN BYRNE: Century. Sept. 3.

The Incredible Marquis. By HERBERT GORMAN: Farrar & Rinehart. Sept. 5.

The Georgian Novel and Mr. Robinson. By STORM JAMESON: Morrow. Sept. 5.

The Lost Child. By RAHEL SANZARA: Longmans. Sept. 4.

The Tragic Era. By CLAUDE BOWERS: Houghton. Sept. 6.

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Its "Wants" Will Fill Yours

The Millenium in Recent Books

WASHINGTON, D. C.

IN AMERICA we are much given to looking for the millenium in hot weather. School is out, the crops are ripening, and the institutes, round tables, open fora, and other ventilators are running full blast. What could be nicer than to repose in some quaint university town and be told what we ought to think about War and Peace, the League of Nations and the Monroe Doctrine, in between rounds of golf and sips of coca-cola.

Fortunately, a group of books apposite to these academic Chatauquas are at hand. They are apposite only in the sense that they point out the difficulties in the path and the dreary technical procedure inseparable from human political progress. For example, Norman L. Hill writes of *The Public International Conference. Its Function, Organization and Procedure* (Stanford University Press). International conferences are an ancient diplomatic device, their technique has become elaborated over centuries of human experience, their methods and their limitations are an essential feature of international policy. No one who aspires to master internationalism can afford to ignore this method of settling international problems. Mr. Hill has prepared a most useful handbook.

In somewhat the same field, Judge Jackson H. Ralston has dealt with *International Arbitration from Athens to Locarno* (Stanford University Press). His is an inclusive and legalistic study of the history of international arbitration, including the Hague Peace Tribunal and the Permanent Court of International Justice. His analysis of the latter's decisions suggests that, if the Supreme Court watches the election returns, the World Court watches international armaments. The book, though largely a matter of record, includes opinions and suggestions of pertinence to international progress. As an example, one might quote Judge Ralston's suggested definition of that big bear of arbitral settlement, a "domestic question:"

"A domestic question relates to the sovereignty of the state within its territorial limits and not involving illegal deprivation of a foreigner submitting to its laws of his rights of life, of liberty, or of duly acquired property."

Of quite another order is the little volume of lectures delivered at the Geneva Institute of International Relations in August, 1928, entitled *Problems of Peace. Third Series* (Oxford University Press). These are the high-spots of the League of Nations' own summer school and include lectures by Professor Rappard, Paul Mantoux, Salvador de Madariaga, Sir Arthur Salter, Lord Olivier, Professor Zimmern, and lesser League publicists. On the whole, the book is of a high level of excellence, the chief flaw in it being the lecture delivered by Professor Manley O. Hudson of Harvard on "America's Relation to World Peace." Professor Hudson is an unreconstructed Leaguer who has been apologizing since 1920 on behalf of his country for its failure to sign on the dotted line and clip the Geneva coupon from the Treaty of Versailles.

On the other hand, one of the very best books on the theme of League internationalism is Professor Gilbert Murray's *The Ordeal of this Generation* (Harper). Professor Murray, from the watchtower of an English university, saw the flower of England's intellectuals go out and perish on the field of battle. This aroused him to the necessity of preventing a recurrence of such a catastrophe. His book is eloquent, persuasive and exceedingly wise. He has no great faith in American pacifism:

"The most uncompromising expressions of the peace spirit come from America; the most munificent charity, the most carefully thought-out schemes of consolation to suffering human beings, of help to education and religion. There has never in the history of the world been anything to equal the practical beneficence of American foundations and private societies and individuals to the rest of the world. But this splendid work is, after all, almost entirely the work of a small number of persons, a hundred thousand or so perhaps, out of a hundred million. . . One sometimes feels towards the American public as the small Balkan nations are said to feel towards the English. No doubt they are very rich and strong and full of good-natured impulses; but they care for nobody, nobody can tell what they may want to do next, and as they turn to the right or the left their whim may spread prosperity or ruin. America is probably the one nation in the world which does not realize what war is and which could afford the luxury of another."

Professor Murray is a realist, who admits that "normally every Government is possessed by a devil, the devil of the massed and organized selfishness of its nation. A Government can

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seldom afford to be generous or far-seeing in international negotiations, or the Opposition will accuse it of betraying the nation's interest to foreigners." His chief hope is in the solution of international problems by technical experts whose decisions will be subject to political ratification. The Dawes Plan and the Young Plan suggest the possibilities of this way of dealing with the stuff from which wars used to be made. He does not ignore the possibilities of internal social disruptions, on the analogy of the Roman Empire. His conclusion is that war, as an institution, can be eliminated without tampering with natural pugnacity:

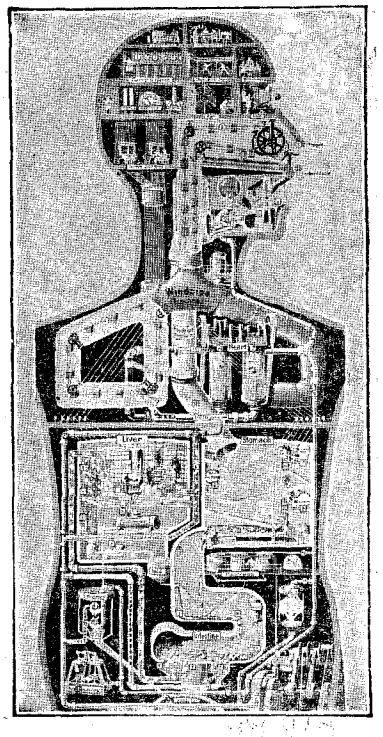
"War does not ruin. . . primitive societies; . . only the civilized industrial societies . . are too rich to afford war.

"Can war be abolished? Is it not rooted in human nature? Is not man a fighting animal? Or rather, is not strife an essential element in life itself? Such questions all miss the essential point. It is not proposed to abolish the struggle for existence, or angry passions, or any particular constituent of human nature; not even folly. It is proposed to abolish a certain method of political action which with the advance of civilization has become too expensive, too painful, too dangerous, and too futile. A modern war is not an outburst of passion. It is a carefully prepared and thought-out act of policy; and practically all the statesmen of Europe have now seen that it is a policy which does not pay, and have made agreements with a view to avoiding it."

If war is to be abolished, however, its abolition must come from the rank and file of the nations rather than from their literary leaders. It is easy to say that experts shall handle international problems, but who says so? The result of their noble experiment was writ in blood, famine and pestilence over two Continents. Contemporary internationalism, it seems to one observer at least, is too largely in the hands of the literary, the professors, the intellectuals, too little in the hands of those practical politicians who assume, accurately enough, that a thing has to be made worth while for everybody before everybody can be relied upon to support it. Too much reliance is placed in "public opinion," by which is meant propagandized opinion, too little upon the concrete interests of the peoples involved. In hot weather, academic oratory provides the easiest pathway to the millenium, but it should be remembered that the traditional result of currents of heated air—even those emanating from Geneva—is mirage.

JOHN CARTER

THE Human Factory---



In HYGEIA for September there will appear an extraordinary full page color insert — THE HUMAN FACTORY. This astonishing picture illustrates the functions of the human body, translated in terms of machinery — a formidable array of pumps, pulleys, engines, switchboards, cameras, filters, furnaces, wheels, belts, etc., carrying on the complex operations. You will find this one of the most comprehensive and succinct explanations of human physiology ever presented.

HYGEIA, the Health Magazine of the American Medical Association, presents the things you want to know — the things you have a right to know, about your physical being, in non-technical, understandable terms. By explaining away superstition, by exposing medical hoaxes, and by presenting the truth about health and disease, HYGEIA renders an indispensable service to its readers.

▼ *all this and more in September* HYGEIA ▼

Can You Relax?

What is meant by relaxation and how is it achieved? What rests one will not necessarily quiet another's throbbing nerves, but the way relaxation is being taught in a small girls' college, as told by Miss Louise Windle, lays down certain principles which will aid everyone in the knowledge of relaxing for power. "Can Relaxation be Taught"? is an article of general appeal.

It May or May Not Be Your Heart

Although the heart ranks first in the mortality statistics of the country it is comforting to know that one-third to one-half of the people who think they have heart disease are mistaken. Dr. Reid, in non-technical terms, informally discusses "Simulations of Heart Disease" and shows how the heart, like the stomach and other organs, displays symptoms due to disease elsewhere.

Your Son Enters College

As parents you feel the responsibility of providing adequate wardrobes for your sons and daughters when they go away to college, but have you properly prepared them for college from a health standpoint? Are your sons and daughters equipped to make the transition from home to college life without disaster and the crippling effects of disease? This valuable article is written by Morrill L. Ilsley, M.D.

The Road to Beauty

When girls see that good health habits actually improve their looks, then bad habits will go the way of hoops, bustles, and the hour glass figure of the Gibson girl, Miss Theresa Dansdill writes in "The Road to Beauty." Sketches of the lingerie worn by the college freshman of '93 afford an interesting contrast to the scanty apparel of the present day girl.

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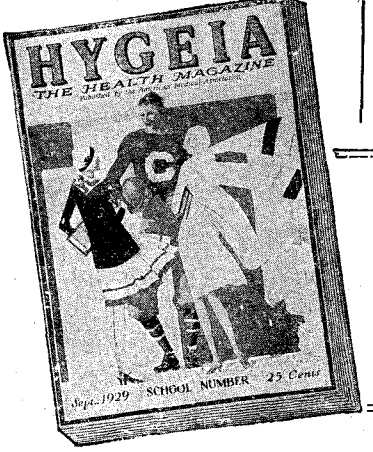

Other Special Articles:

In "Eighteen Years of Stuttering," Wendall Johnson tells his own story—"Teaching the Physically Handicapped Child," by Hugh Grant Rowell, M.D., is a plea for giving physically handicapped children their educational rights—"The Nursery School" is regarded by Dr. Frank Howard Richardson as one of the most important educational advances of the century—Dr. C. N. Johnson, editor of the Journal of the American Dental Association, writes of the "School Child's Teeth"—in "Keeping Pilots Fit," Dr. John A. Tamisiea discusses the special branch of medicine dealing with physical problems peculiar to flyers. In addition to all these splendid articles, each one in itself of vital interest, the September HYGEIA will include the regular departments: **Plain Facts About Health and Disease; Health and the Schools,** edited by J. Mace Andress; **New Books on Health; Questions and Answers; Children's Section;** and **Pictorial Pages.**

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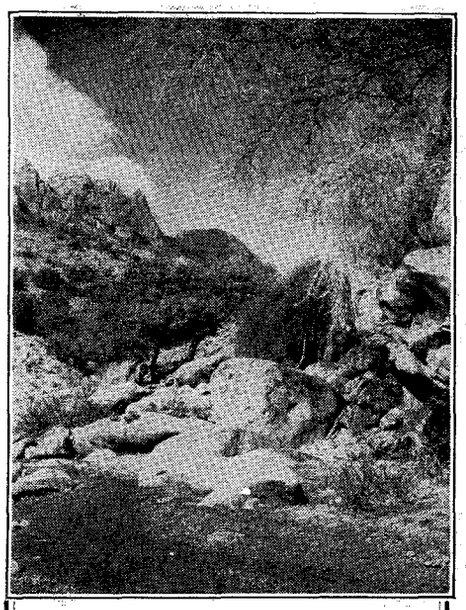

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

The Dance of Life

THIS IS an all-talking picturization of *Burlesque*, ace of the backstage sob dramas.

The breaking heart beneath the painted smile has achieved the status of a national menace in the last half-dozen seasons of native drama, but the treatment accorded the subject by the authors of *Burlesque* has been more than fair. In the stage version, the general poignancy was heightened by the fine acting of Hal Skelly, as the dumb comic who ditched his useful little wife, and of Barbara Stanwyck, as the wife.

In addition to having the best-looking nose in show business, Miss Stanwyck had a number of other things to contribute to her part in *Burlesque* and it made her a star overnight. She has gone into the movies now and will be seen before long in a picture to be called *The Locked Door*.

But Miss Stanwyck doesn't play in *The Dance of Life*. Nancy Carroll does the soft sobbing and brave smiling in the part of Bonny King and thereby hangs a slightly odious comparison. Miss Carroll has the requisite looks, she does the dance routines very nicely and she has drawn the praise of many commentators for her acting. This reviewer thought, nevertheless, that, whereas Miss Stanwyck lived her part, Miss Carroll merely acted it. She has disappointed us in this same particular in every speaking rôle we have seen her essay, although in the silent films she was grand.

The now famous rôle of Skid Johnson, the hoofer, is in the same hands on the screen that grasped it so lightly and firmly on the stage; Hal Skelly could open a school in Hollywood that might be profitably attended by all those actors who essay this type of part. The only difficulty in the way of this institution's success would be the fact that none of the performers who would benefit the most from Mr. Skelly's classes in restraint and validity could be induced to attend them, especially Al Jolson.

The Dance of Life is exactly the sort of thing the public wants, and it is enjoying a huge prosperity. It is a better adaptation than most, because it moves around from scene to scene in evident appreciation of the tenet that moving pictures have *got* to move, or the resultant stagnation will destroy their thriving little industry.

The Last of Mrs. Cheyney

HERE, FOR INSTANCE, is one that hardly moves an inch.

Taken from Frederick Lonsdale's stage play of the same name, this talkie furnishes a great deal of light society chit-chat and a thrill or two, but it makes no attempt whatever to get away from the scenic restrictions of the stage.

The presence in the cast of the elegant Basil Rathbone lends an undoubted sophistication to the proceedings and Norma Shearer, in the rôle that kept Ina Claire busy for a long season, acquits herself with no little distinction. The recording, as in all Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talkies to date, is extremely good, but this statement is to be taken as purely relative. Those of us who go to talking pictures, week in and week out, are probably reaching the point where we don't know bad recording from extra bad recording. Before long, if we want to judge this tinned noise with any accuracy, we may have to call on friends, Romans and countrymen to lend us their ears.

From Actors, If Any

FROM SANTA BARBARA, California, a lady writes us to enquire whom, among the younger movie actors, we regard as most promising.

So polite was the lady's letter, and agreeably worded, that we should especially like to come up with a satisfactory reply. But candor compels the statement that we don't regard any of them as promising.

The talking pictures are responsible for this. Before they sounded off, Hollywood could boast several juveniles of distinct promise in the realm of pantomime: Richard Arlen, Neil Hamilton, Charles Rogers, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Arthur Lake, Don Alvarado.

But none of them has carried conviction as a speaking actor yet. With more experience, perhaps, some of them will improve and do something distinguished. We think the highly-touted Chester Morris is just plain terrible, that Raymond Hackett is physically too insignificant and that Paul Muni, for all his power, will be very limited in the rôles he can do well.

If our Santa Barbara reader is willing to regard Ronald Colman as a "young" actor, the answer to her question is easy: our list of promising Thespians would include only his name.

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

THIS department would not be doing its full duty by you if it failed to call your attention to *The Shopping Book,* recently published by Macmillan. It's a sort of handy guide to the best merchandise. The author believes that while a great deal has been done by merchants to improve the technique of selling, little has been done by consumers to improve the technique of buying. Hence this book, which "is intended neither as an encyclopedia of shopping nor as a listing of worth-while merchandise. Rather, the intention is to present enough broad principles and practical hints to help the shopper toward a greater resourcefulness in determining for herself the best methods of judging and buying merchandise." There are chapters on floor coverings, furniture, house furnishings, china and glassware, silverware, watches and jewelry, leather goods and luggage, textiles, wearing apparel, toilet preparations, package groceries, as well as a number of general shopping hints and a discussion of the various types of stores and selling methods.

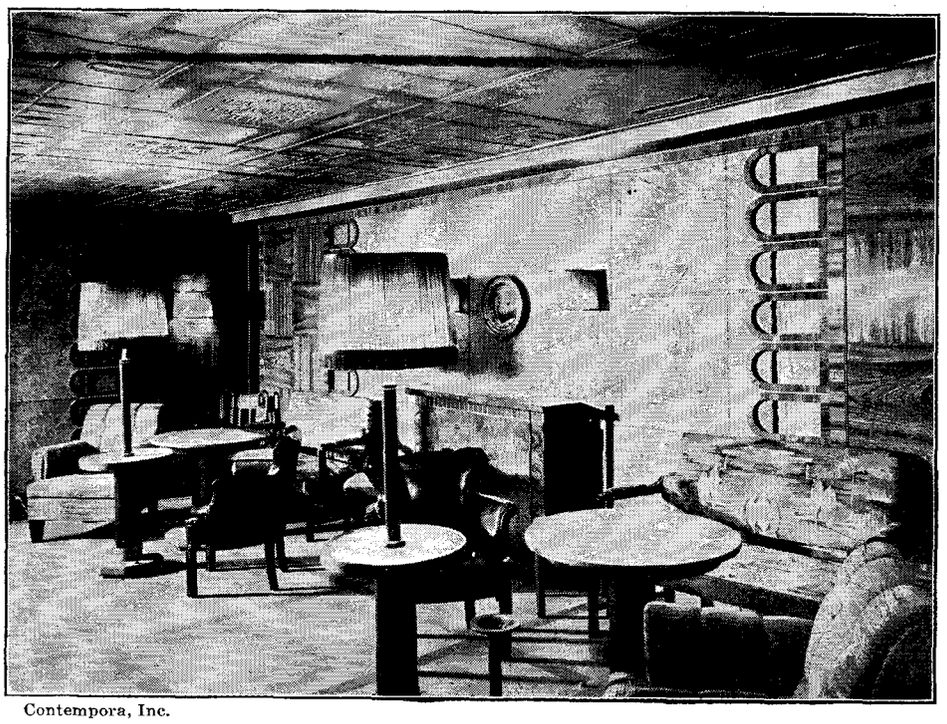
IF YOUR HOBBY is astronomy, you should know about a book recently published by The Pacific Science Press: *1001 Celestial Wonders, as Observed With Home-Built Instruments.* It is a new and considerably enlarged edition of a book published several years ago, and gives not only three complete charts, covering each hour of Right Ascension, 72 charts in all, with data regarding everything shown, but also complete directions for building instruments. To say nothing of a great deal of general astronomical information. An extremely useful handbook.

THE CURRENT CRAZE for speculation has brought out a new game for those who want to get a little of the thrill of playing the market without the risk. It is called ticker, and is a complete little stock market, in which dice regulate the rise and fall of the securities which you buy and sell.

SOME ONE, we learn from the *Scientific American,* has invented a cigarette which ignites all by itself, like a safety match, when the tip is rubbed on the side of the package. There is said to be no flare, smell or bad taste, and the flavor of the tobacco is not injured. We suppose the match companies are in for a slump.

THERE'S A NEW, cheap bottle stopper to keep the fizz in carbonated drinks of which a portion has been used. It consists of a nickel cap through which extends a nickel plunger fitted with a finger-shaped rubber cap. It is for sale in most drug or hardware stores.

SPEAKING OF STEAMSHIPS, deck tennis is becoming popular on terra firma, wherever there is a little space but not enough for a regular tennis court. It's by no means a slow game, but is less discouraging to the beginner than tennis.



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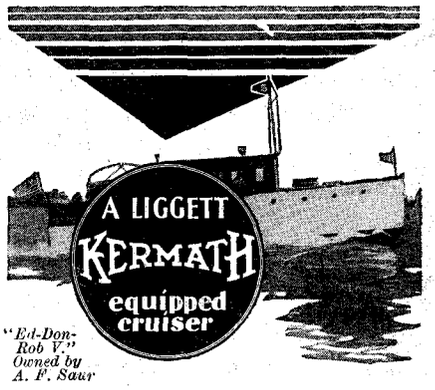

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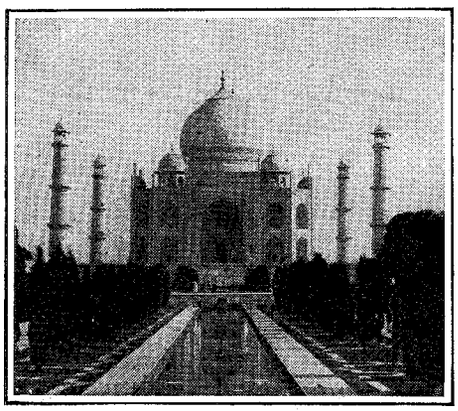

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From the Life

By **IBBY HALL**

Heir Apparent

THE KING and the Detective stared at each other.

"If you were a king—" began the King.

The Detective nodded. "Sure," he said encouragingly.

The King stared again, years behind him; generations behind him. He saw centuries holding his people carelessly as the sea holds the sand. "To be king of a great country, of armies, known to the world—that is easy to understand," he went on slowly. "But I am king of no country. No army. Only of blood. It is not so easy to understand the ruling of blood."

"I get you," said the Detective uneasily, leaning back in his chair. "But what's all this I hear about a crown?"

A shadow darkened the King's face. "I do not need so much the Crown," he said quietly. "The Crown is made of coins—gold. Countless. That can be handled and lost. I look for something else."

"Now see here," said the Detective suddenly. "You tell it your way, see? Right from the beginning."

"He is my son," said the King sombrely. "After me to be King. From the time he is born he is taught to be a king. But there is no kingdom for him to see—no fortune for him to count—no lands to look at and say 'mine'. The Crown is all that may be touched with the hand. No. He must look within. He must see with his mind and hear with his spirit. . . . He sees his people scattered. Roads are their homes, and for pillows they turn to the wind. His people change and have no safety. With all unsteadiness to stand upon, he must learn to stand steady in himself."

"In other words," nodded the Detective, "it's up to him."

"He is taught," went on the King, "to work. To use his body. To be proud. Not to lean upon law, but to live his own law. That is hard, the law of a king. To scorn comfort—safety—money in the bank.

"There is only one safety taught my son; the safety of blood. He carries the blood of a long march of kings. He must give it to the next one. His son."

"Well," interjected the Detective doubtfully, and stopped.

The King inclined his head. "Your country," he acquiesced politely, "has different ways. Our ways are of the tribe. We save the tribe. That is all we have.

"And now my son is a man. Ready for his wife. She is well chosen. Younger than himself and the daughter of a ruler—a head tribesman. The marriage is to take place. The followers are summoned for a day not long to wait. He is obedient. All is well. But I know." After a moment he continued:

"I know that his heart has escaped, though his feet walk steadily for a time. A girl—the same age, the same name as the other—has troubled him; has lit a light to his imagination. With every day, he is lost.

"There is a day we are to meet, he and I. And no word of him. Now I know he is gone. He has taken all that can be handled; that Crown of gold coins which may be broken too easily and scattered. His name. His promises. His hopes. He steals from his people to give away."

The Detective of the Missing Persons Bureau, frowned and shook himself.

"You mean we ought to find him for you," said the Detective cautiously.

"Well, all you have to do is lodge a complaint against him for stealing that crown—"

The King rose violently to his feet. "To put in jail—my son—for stealing—" His hands, hard clenched, relaxed slowly. "That cannot be done."

The Detective in his turn stood up as suddenly. "Can't be done?" he repeated. "Well, why do you come to me? I can't arrest a boy for nothing."

"For nothing?" said the King. He looked earnestly into the Detective's face. "Is it nothing? To speak to him—to remind him—if he is still to be a king?"

"And take him from his girl!" muttered the Detective, leaning heavily towards the other. "And how do you know which is the right girl for him? And how do I know?" he sputtered indignantly.

With the room between them—with the world between them—the King looked at the Detective.

But the Detective was staring again at the written description in front of him, as though he were struggling to see the heir apparent:

"Age, nineteen . . . blue trousers . . . chocolate colored shirt . . . a purple tie. Has a crown of gold coins."

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The Merest Trifle

(Continued from Page 19)

sistent. And there is no answer—no answer which modern man can accept save with such trickery—such dishonest sophistries as his better sense repudiates every day more rigorously.

It comes to this. The Creator, if he cares at all for our survival, must bethink Himself. He must stand answer to His Creation. He has created a reasonable being endowed with a spirit of justice, and He must take the consequences. Without insolence or presumption but with a clear sense of his own dignity and the fairness of his cause, man demands not only to know the why and wherefore of his own life, suffering and death, but of the life, suffering and death which he himself, helplessly, inflicts. For a worthy cause he may consent to play his double part, as martyr and torturer. For he is amazingly heroic. He may be persuaded that the hourly birth, suffering and death of millions is a splendid and inevitable fragment in a vast pattern of immortality to be one day made visible to us all—even to that spark of monkey life so fruitlessly begotten, so fruitlessly and pitilessly destroyed.

We can be put off for a long time. For many of us are laggards and all of us are patient. We console ourselves variously meantime with the irrelevant thought of our own insignificance and of our finite intelligence so incapable of grasping infinity. But finally we shall realize that we are at least significant to ourselves and that we cannot endure forever a universe that to all appearances is morally inferior to our mortality and less reasonable than our reason.

This is the crude truth about us in defiance of philosophical thunderings and the patronizing hand wavings of the clerics.

I am neither an atheist nor a pessimist. Like most people I want very badly to believe in God and in an eventual explanation that will satisfy me. It is the only thing that really matters to me. I believe it is the only thing that really matters to anybody. If this is not an age of faith, it is at least an age of insistent questioning. Wherever two or three intelligent people come together in circumstances which permit their uncovering their real intellectual preoccupations, inevitably the one question will be raised among them. Without answer. And the answer is becoming overdue.

It may be that we are quite close to it. It may come, through man's obstinate groping—some scientific discovery not intrinsically more astounding than the wireless. It may come through some sudden, tremendous spiritual revelation. But we should be amazed indeed if it came to us through the churches. For the churches, no matter what their denomination or how apparently new and revolutionary their doctrine—are not seeking. They content themselves with statements. And we have no use for statements that merely serve to cancel each other out. We await either direct revelation from headquarters or a scientific demonstration, susceptible to proof, that we are either everything or nothing.

And if and when the revelation comes, we must believe that the rewards and consolations will be retrospective and that we who have walked in darkness will have a share in the great light. For I can bear witness that for the lustiest of us it has been hard going.

Meantime we can marvel at the ingenuity with which we fool ourselves along the way. We cloak ourselves with such marvelous appearances of purpose and significance and are very careful not to look at the results too closely lest our sense of humour get the better of us. (A sense of humour is so fatal to mortal grandeur.) A man like Mussolini, for instance, seen from the angle of Donko's death, becomes a side-splitting figure of sheer farce. We can find, in fact, no steady course between a ridiculous humility and a no less ridiculous self-importance. We cry shame on ourselves for venturing to question our Creator and our daily life is lived as though everything we did—our solemn preoccupations with tariffs, boundaries, national honour, national glory and all our other pathetic pomposities—were of a significance that pales the stars.

But in time we must learn the nature of our real dignities or cease from posing. We must be told the rules of the game we are asked to play. For now that we have become self-conscious it does lie within our power to choose whether we will play or not.

In effect the death of Dauntless Donald is the merest trifle as important as the Great War, not less significant than the death of princes.

Next Week

Dear Old Gigantia

in which

JANET HOYT

discusses the comparative failure of the over-grown American University

Wanted.....

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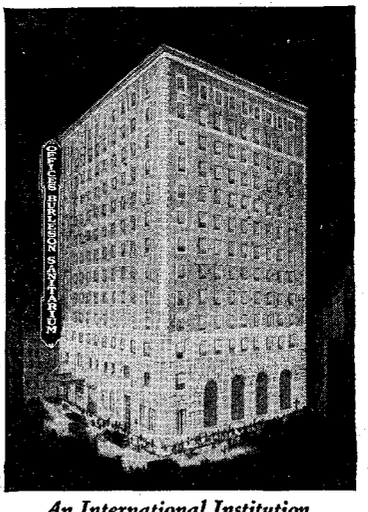

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With Our Readers

Reminiscence

Oakland, Cal.

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Reading Mr. Asbury's exceedingly interesting record calls to mind an incident in the career of Carry Nation. After her success in this country she went to England intending to repeat the process there. I was in London at the time and pretty familiar with English procedure. Being asked what would happen when Carry commenced operations in England I replied unhesitatingly "She will enter a pub (English saloon—a saloon in England is a private railway car) and take one blow with her hatchet. The barman will touch his police bell. A policeman (never far away) will enter, ask with what she is charged and conduct her to the police station ('cooler' is the term used) where she will remain until the morning when a police magistrate will dispose of the case in about five minutes by sentencing her to thirty days in gaol and deportation at the end of the period." That is precisely what happened.

E. SCOTT

A Question

Richmond, Va.

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I have been a subscriber to The Outlook for so many years that I have no recollection of the date when I began to be such.

The Outlook has been to me a source of pleasure and profit, and in the days of Dr. Lyman Abbott one of inspiration as well.

Recently, however, you have been showing so much sympathy for the whiskey cause and so little for the great moral and generally uplifting cause of prohibition that I begin to question whether the profit and pleasure I get from The Outlook justifies the pain. Your comment in your issue of August 21 on Bishop Cannon's answer to his critics is a practical case in point. You have his life before you. Do you think you could have written such a comment if you wanted the prohibition cause to succeed?

The Christian Century of course comes to your desk: read the editorial on the same subject in its issue of August 21: compare this with your own, and then ask yourself which of the two will find greater favor in the minds of those who stand for truth, fair play and the welfare of their fellowmen.

Respectfully,
REV. J. Y. DOWNMAN

Thank You

Thermal, California

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I don't usually have much to say as to how magazine people are to run their publication, still inasmuch as you depend upon the public for patronage you very likely are pleased to get a word of encouragement now and then, therefore I am in my humble way trying to inform you that I am particularly well pleased with The Outlook and Independent as it has been coming to my hands for quite a while. I particularly like the "Trend of Events" at all times. You are doing a fine job with "Carry Nation." "The Jew: A Problem" is quite all right. I could point out many many other things. I want to say I never miss reading what Francis Rufus Bellamy has to say under the caption "Looking Forward."

Sincerely and truly yours,
AUSTIN YOUNG

"Honor Among Lawyers"

New York City

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Milton Mackaye's jeremiad "Honor Among Lawyers," in the issue of August 21st, is but the now familiar echo of the pother of the ambulance chasing investigation in several States, particularly in New York. He gives the same old so called facts, and suggests the same panaceas. The lay person reading such a grave indictment of the legal profession in consequence of the dereliction of a comparative handful of black sheep, might well be led to distrust all lawyers and attempt to extricate himself from the intricate web of the law without the beneficent aid of counsel.

There are about twenty thousand lawyers in the City of New York, and of those, about seventy have been found guilty of unethical practices, and on that is based the pecksniffian hue and cry against lawyers all over the country. Honor bright! is this fair and does it smack of justice and decency? Of course, where the lawyer is found guilty of peculating a client's funds, he should be dealt with in accordance with criminal laws dealing with such cases. A lawyer is but a citizen who practices law, and the criminal laws of the State should apply to him with as much severity as to any other citizen guilty of a similar offense. But to decry the legal profession because of the dishonesty of some is as unintelligent as to decry the medical profession because of the undoubted improper practices of some of its members. You might as well berate newspapers in general because here and there you find one that is subventioned and of course must give news of a certain kind; or denounce the entire clergy because of one Norris who happened to be light on the trigger and as light in conscience.

It is even open to doubt whether ambulance chasing is indeed an evil. The investigation in New York, under the able leadership of Judge Wasservogel, has disclosed a most shocking situation in connection with injured persons; but the shock is greater when viewed from the standpoint of the insurance carrier than from the standpoint of the lawyer. How often has an insurance adjuster had a release signed by an injured person, while he was weak and unable to understand the purport of his act, and received a small amount for what subsequently turned out to be a serious injury. Where is the wrong in a lawyer's rushing to the injured person's side in order to forestall the adroit adjuster and thus obtain more for the injured person than he would otherwise get. It seems but a logical conclusion that where a lawyer is retained on a fifty per cent contingent basis he will work harder and try to obtain more for his client for the very reason that the more he gets for the client the more he gets for himself.

It is well for those high powered attorneys with stupendous annual retainers from large corporations to descant upon ethics and kindred virtues. Give every lawyer such annual incomes and he will not have to compete with insurance companies. Those so called high class lawyers forget that there was a time when ethics was to them, too, something to be read about only. Lest I be misunderstood, let me state right here that I do not mean to convey the impression that I approve of unethical practices. I merely take issue with the commonly accepted notion of what is ethical practice on the part of a lawyer. After all, the duty of a lawyer is to protect his client's interests; and it is quite debatable whether ethics should enter into the question. When a lawyer

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is paid by his client a substantial fee for the avowed purpose of winning his case I think much can be said on both sides, whether that lawyer should not perhaps blink at ethics, in order to fulfil his prime duty to his client. For ethics, truth, morals and cognate concepts, are relative terms, and the sophist and casuist can without much difficulty and with a good deal of plausibility, argue both pro and con, with equal address.

The remedy suggested by Mr. Mackaye and others is that the educational qualifications for admission to the Bar should be raised; in other words, a lawyer of neomatic attainments will be more ethical than one who cannot afford such luxury. It has not been shown or even suggested that there is any connection between a college education and ethics or morals. To think that a knowledge of the humanities, higher mathematics, poetry and the sciences has any bearing upon one's conduct, is puerile folderol. Only recently a professor of one of our great Universities advised his students to be snobs. There are other instances of collegiate fanfaronnade that can only make one laugh, and never did and never can have any bearing upon one's ethics or morals.

It would be interesting to get statistics of the honesty of lawyers in the State of Indiana, where, I believe, every citizen has the right to practice law, without any training of any kind, legal or collegiate. I believe that in a community like that, a higher degree of honesty is apt to be found among lawyers, just because of the lack of particular training which tends to make one sharp, shrewd and brilliant. These qualifications are seldom bracketed with honesty. Truth needs no involved reasoning to bring it out. A lie has no feet and must be supported upon those of shrewdness and perspicacity. What connection then is there between an honest lawyer and a high degree of education? Let the lawyer alone. By and large, the average lawyer is as honest a man as the average anybody else. This hubbub about ambulance chasing seems to have been engineered by insurance companies who have most to gain by any restriction along that line. In fact, all the insurance company stocks have gone up enormously since the investigation, and the assets of all companies have greatly increased. For is it not obvious that it is just another example of an attempt by mere money to bring forth legislative enactment for the benefit of the community, which in fact, is only for the benefit of insurance companies.

Have I anything to propose? Surely. For the next ten years admit no one to the Bar, and by that time there will be less lawyers and consequently more who will receive annual retainers. This will get all the lawyers to prate about ethics, and with the elimination of competition between insurance company adjusters and the lawyer, will bring the millennium for the insurance carriers, and they will be able with good reason to send up to heaven hosannas of gratitude.

Very truly yours,

DAVID L. DELMAN

▶▶Prohibition

Academia, Pennsylvania

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Very evidently facts differ widely in the experience of different individuals. That has always been the case in every subject so large as Prohibition and the liquor question. It was so in the discussion of slavery. Doubtless many fair and humane slave-owners resented the writing of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The facts depicted there did not "gee" with the facts of their experience. Nevertheless, slavery had to go. It is the evidence of the sum total of facts that must finally decide. It is to be hoped that the President's Commission will be able to show which way the weight of all the facts leans. Incidentally, their findings will be more valuable, in my opinion, than those which might be produced by a commission appointed by a Modificationist Conference, such as you suggest, which would meet with the avowed purpose of finding a way to let alcoholic beverages remain. The latter may be the result in the end, but personally I prefer to see it decided by as impartial and able a body of men and women as possible. The President's Commission seems to be that.

My attitude may be like that of the abolitionist of pre-Civil War days. I must admit that the sum total of facts that have come to my attention leads me to believe that humanity would be better off on the whole if alcoholic beverages were abolished. No doubt many individuals would feel that this would work a hardship on them and be unfair. Many good slave-owners felt the same way and some Southerners feel even today that Negroes would be better off in slavery than under present circumstances. However, the greatest good for the greatest number came through emancipation, we believe. Somehow I feel that the greatest good for the greatest number would come for the human race if alcoholic beverages were abolished. It may be idealistic, but so was the abolition of slavery. And in addition, there are the practical points of efficiency, health and safety. When the highest possible efficiency is demanded in public transportation, in skilled workmanship or in time of war, alcoholic beverages are forbidden and we think little or nothing of it. Why not mobilize all trades and occupations, yes, all of life, in peace as well as in war, according to the highest possible standards? Especially when it means the abolishing of something not essential but only that which satisfies a certain physical appetite and is fraught with great danger because when used to excess it makes the user irresponsible to himself and society in general.

Yours very sincerely,

JOSEPH M. WOODS, JR.

▶▶A Request

Editor of The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

In your issue of July 17th you publish a letter from a Mr. Fogg in which he condemns The Outlook because its articles on prohibition are "occasionally false, frequently misleading and nearly always prejudiced." He asks also why you do not publish some religious confessions by men and women who have gone through a period of doubt and have found a helpful religion finally. He says further that because of your attitude he intends to stop his subscription.

I like The Outlook and expect to renew my subscription, but at the same time I wonder if Mr. Fogg may not be right in some of his charges. I like to read both sides of every question, as you so wisely recommend in your column "Looking Forward." Therefore I would vote with Mr. Fogg in his request for religious articles which suggest a note of victory, of having found something worth living for.

Also, I am wondering about the statement made in "Looking Forward" in your previous issue to the effect that there are plenty of articles on prohibition by modificationists. A prominent progressive senator, whose article was rewritten for the Readers' Guide of a month ago, says that no other plan has been offered by the opponents of prohibition, and that all the criticism that has been offered is destructive.

Now if prohibition is not a success and the present state of affairs should be changed, (and a great many people believe with you that they should), what should the new arrangement be? If you are honest in your policy of a fair-minded investigation of this subject, you must present in The Outlook some practical suggestions for improvement. It is far better to work "for" something than against something. What are you working for?

Sincerely,

HERBERT HARRIS

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Another Job for Mr. Hoover

(Continued from Page 17)

administered under Mr. Hoover, but it seems to be too late to restore the impaired system by mere administrative action. Only a thorough investigation of the secret history of the federal and joint stock land banks can reveal the true state of affairs and legislation will be needed to restore efficiency. Will Congress make that investigation? Unfortunately the ardent champions of farm relief do not seem to be giving much attention to the subject and their colleagues in Congress are not profoundly disturbed by the breakdown of the farm loan system. Probably the stocks and bonds of the land banks are held by small investors. Regular bankers and speculators on the stock market are not attracted by them. And these small investors, widely scattered, are unable to co-operate in bringing "pressure politics" into play. If the National City Bank had lost half as much money in the Caribbean as these investors have lost in bankruptcies, frauds, and depreciation, it is likely that something would have been done long before this late hour. Moreover there are in the country banks, insurance companies, and farm mortgage firms that would rejoice in seeing the whole system smashed and a return to the good old days of six, eight, ten, and twelve per cent (with commissions) for loans to farmers in the West and South.

The problem presented by the land banks is decidedly "up to" President Hoover. If he is really as deeply concerned about the plight of agriculture as he appears to be, then he will bring the whole issue of the farm loan banks forcibly to the attention of Congress at its next session and will recommend legislation looking to the re-organization and consolidation of the system. Nothing short of heroic measures will restore it to its proper place in agricultural economy and popular confidence.

Old at Forty

(Continued from Page 6)

Society, who stated this proposition: a substantial portion of the larger social income which results from marked increase in technological efficiency should be handled after the manner of a credit to be drawn upon by workers after middle age, when physical capacity and productivity decrease as a result of age and inflexibility in adjustment to new technological conditions. He proposed that each generation as a group should so organize the distribution of the social income that individuals collectively may enjoy similar benefits. Instead of rushing into the shorter work-day or shorter work-week when such changes are made possible by machine-efficiency, Dr. Person posed the question as to whether we should not stop to consider old-age unemployment and defer the immediate benefits for later collective use. The argument still waxes—pensions as means of providing workers with purchasing power as well as leisure after sixty-five or leisure on Saturday and no purchasing power after sixty-five—if both are not possible.

What can be done to help those who are "old at forty?" Many suggestions have been made. Obviously, the first thing necessary is to have as exact data as possible on employment. The Department of Labor should be empowered and financed to collect unemployment statistics. No blue print of the unemployment problem exists. A splendid start in this direction will be made in the 1930 census which will gather much important data on unemployment.

The machinery for statistical data relating to unemployment can be built in a comprehensive system of employment exchanges maintained under State and Federal auspices.

An adequate system of old-age pensions, now on the statute books in ten States, will undoubtedly be extended in the near future to the other States.

It has been argued that old-age pensions would militate against the necessity for thrift earlier in life. Yet despite the incentive for thrift held out to the wage-earners today many of them at the age of forty find themselves jobless and penniless. The problem is not individual but social. If the experience of those in charge of the State pension systems in this country is at all comparable to the managers of the British pension system, they know that one of the problems they have to cope with is to persuade those legally entitled to a pension that they are not objects of charity.

There is a growing sentiment in this country for health insurance and unemployment insurance. The beginnings of an unemployment insurance system were made several years ago by the adoption of such a plan in Chicago and New York by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the International Ladies Garment Workers Union.

The wage-earner's bill for medical care is frequently a large item in his budget, wholly disproportionate to his ability to pay. The burden of debt so often assumed by him because of illness is one of the constant worries that beset his existence. In rare cases the burden is taken off his shoulders by his membership in a sick benefit society which furnishes him with nursing care and medical attention for an annual fee The German worker is better off, for his health insurance is a tripartite affair, contributions being made by the wage-earner himself, the employer and the State. When the worker changes his job the insurance benefits go with him.

The proposal for a construction reserve, formulated by Foster and Catchings and pressed forward by Governor Brewster of Maine at the New Orleans Conference of Governors, has met with signs of approval in many quarters. Under this plan the various States would defer construction of public works until the clouds began appearing on the industrial horizon. This would be the signal for the immediate construction of roads, buildings and other improvements, plans for which would already be awaiting the emergency. In this way it is hoped that the critical period would be tided over and industry stimulated by the circulation of several billion dollars on important and necessary construction.

Those who are most affected by the prevailing technological unemployment should be consulted by the agencies seeking to find remedies. Not a little wisdom may be gathered from the experience of these unfortunates. One of these, a young woman of 39 years old, writes: "Schools should be supplied with statistics to enable them to inform students about jobs open to them upon graduation. Or perhaps the insurance company's way of discovering the expectation of human life may be used to discover the expectation of the number of years of unemployment. I fear that the whole system of business needs reorganization because as things go there are too many workers for the kinds of work they are trained to do and naturally the young are preferred to the old."

The suggestion regarding a readjustment of industry is a sound one. There are undoubtedly a myriad of places in our industrial system which may be filled by the "new aged," those forty and over. It is for industry, for responsible executives, economists and engineers to find those places.

Once the new positions are located, efforts should be made to find those who may occupy them. This will probably mean a certain amount of preliminary training. The new worker will have to be introduced to the new process only after certain necessary instruction. Industry must supply the training school, the equipment and the teachers.

Old-age pensions, health and unemployment insurance the setting up of

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tate and Federal construction reserves, system of unemployment exchanges id machinery for gathering data on nemployment and the fitting of the iew aged" into modern industry—iese will go a long way in coping with ie problem of those who find themlves jobless because they are "old at orty."

The Final Years

(Continued from Page 25)

ar and other Broadway drinking laces, and causing such a crowd to ather that traffic was blocked for more ian half an hour. A few weeks later ie went to Washington. There, on)ecember 8, 1909, she stormed into ie barroom at the Union Station and, blaze with her old-time fury, wrought avoc among the fixtures and glassware. he was arrested, her three hatchets, 'aith, Hope and Charity, were conscated by the police, and in court she 'as fined one hundred dollars.

From the capital Carry Nation 'avelled westward, and on January 6, 1910, in Mrs. May Maloy's Dance Iall and Cafe in Butte, Montana, she nded her smashing career as she had egun it in 1900 at Wichita—she atempted to destroy a painting which he considered pornographic. But Irs. Maloy, a young and powerful 'oman, defended her property with reat vigor, and after a brief but fierce truggle the defeated and disheveled rusader withdrew. She went almost nmediately to Arkansas.

Carry Nation never again raised her atchet. She was now in her sixty-ourth year, and although her mind was s clear as ever, the hardships and suferings which she had experienced hroughout her life, and especially durng the ten years in which she had 'aged unremitting warfare against the aloon, had begun to take their toll of)hysical health. She essayed a short peaking campaign in the summer of 910, but her feebleness increased, and ier lectures were little more than)athetic parodies of the tirades to vhich her audiences had been ac-ustomed. She was soon compelled to ibandon the tour and retire to the eclusion of her cottage in the mountains; the circle had been completed, and she had returned at last to the rural)eace and quiet wherein she had spent he few happy years of her life. But she was worn and tired, and soon it was with great difficulty that she read ier Bible; for her vision had blurred and her powers of concentration had declined and she was more and more)ppressed by the lapses of memory which had so terrified her in earlier days. She knew that her days were not long in the land, and with indomitable courage she determined, during the winter of 1910, to make a final foray against the liquor traffic. She spoke at several towns in northern Arkansas, and on January 13, 1911, she made her last public appearance at Eureka Springs, in Carroll County near the Missouri border. For a few moments she spoke clearly, then her words came haltingly. At length she stopped. Bewilderment and suffering glazed her eyes, and she raised her hand uncertainly to her forehead. And then, in a slow, painful whisper, she spoke the words of her valediction:

"I—I have done what I could."

She turned to leave the platform, and collapsed in the arms of a friend. Next day she was sent to the Evergreen Hospital at Leavenworth, Kansas. There she lingered for five months, but her mind had failed, and she lay apathetic and listless. She smiled gently when told that the end was near, and on June 2, 1911, she died peacefully, with no one at her bedside save her doctor and a nurse. She was buried beside her mother at Belton, Missouri.

A few years later her portrait and one of the hatchets which the police had taken from her, were placed in the archives of the Kansas State Historical Society at Topeka, and a memorial fountain was erected on the spot where she was first arrested in Wichita. But her grave remained unmarked, and it was not until 1923 that the sloping mound was discovered in a tangle of grass and underbrush in the Belton Cemetery. The people who had been her friends and neighbors subscribed sufficient money to erect a granite shaft, and on May 30, 1924, the monument was dedicated by the Carry A. Nation Monument Association. On it was inscribed:

CARRY A. NATION
Faithful to the Cause of Prohibition
"She Hath Done What She Could."

And not long afterward Prohibition enforcement agents discovered, on her father's old homestead near Belton, one of the largest moonshine stills that had ever been found in that part of Missouri. It was manufacturing corn whisky with water drawn from the spring at which Carry Nation had slaked her thirst, and beside which she had strolled with her lover, the young physician whose tragic death had been a compelling factor in developing one of the most extraordinary characters in American history.

THE END

The Married Feminist's Predicament

(Continued from Page 9)

acceptor, this is the fate of many feminists. It calls for serious thinking. Will the pain to the recipient be greater than the pleasure? How far is it right for the lesser to hold down the better? How much must one accede to society's standards? Each feminist must finally decide on the factors of her own situation. She must know her husband, how much punishment he can take without breaking the thing in him that makes him worth while. She must know herself, how much she can give and whether it is a fair or justifiable exchange she asks.

I am assuming in all this discussion that the husbands and the wives are congenial, that they find in marriage something worth preserving; otherwise there is no dilemma. If more is to be gained by a place to work than is promised by life with each other, there is no dilemma in the sense that I am presenting it. The question then would be on the sanctity of the marriage vow, the social values of divorce; and a whole series of other problems follow. I am also assuming that husbands and wives agree upon the wife's feminism. Otherwise the question is befogged by sentimentality and emotion.

Obviously I am not wasting time by discussing the cases where the wife would find it pleasant to give up her work. Nor, in this article, am I concerned with women whose work is homemaking. But in order to avoid misunderstanding it may be well to state that I am far from considering the making of a home a punishment or a trivial job. Nor do I include wives whose husbands' wealth offers them other opportunities than work. Idleness is not leisure, and our American system offers a woman of leisure much opportunity. Working for a wage is not in itself virtuous. But here I happen to be concerned with the special problem of the woman who for one reason or another has attempted work in the world separate and apart from the work of a husband whose companionship she desires, and finds her work hampered or made impossible by her husband's location. It has seemed to me a problem worthy of attention because, after all is said and answered about women's place in the home and her dependence upon men and her physical inferiority, there remains this final and serious problem for the feminist, more serious because more basic, founded as it is on economics which are fundamental.

For the woman who has taken up her work after marriage it is a more or less

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WANTED by September 15th position as companion for child. Best of references. 9193 Outlook and Independent.

REFINED, educated woman with two sons, eleven and thirteen, would like position in boys' school as house-mother, in return for sons' tuition. Experience and references. Mrs. M. B. Spader, Peacham, Vermont.

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WANTED—Position as governess in refined home. References exchanged. Write Box 50, Cambria, Virginia.

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WANTED: School positions by competent house director and assistant, preferably together. Both have had successful experience in catering, management of servants, and general housekeeping. Would take entire charge of large school household. Excellent references as to character and ability. 9197 Outlook and Independent.

GENTLEWOMAN exceptionally qualified to assume entire management select club, institution or household, seeks position where experience, energy, executive ability and personal interest are desired. Expert buyer and caterer. 9199 Outlook and Independent.

WANTED—After September 15th, position as companion to lady spending winter in Bermuda. References exchanged. Address 532 Woolworth Building, Watertown, N. Y.

ABOUT the first of October an educated lady wishes to teach and have charge of child 5 years or older. Much experience with children. Preferably near New York or Boston. New York references. 9203 Outlook and Independent.

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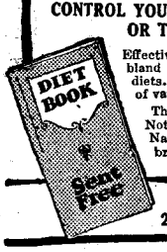

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personal problem. She will solve it as she can. But how about the young women by the thousands who are entering marriage after they have begun their work? What effect will this have upon their choice of husbands? "But surely," I can hear readers exclaim, "you do not mean to suggest that such a dilemma will keep young women from falling in love, or desiring maternity, or a home?" Certainly not. If anything has been established by the experience of the race or by the history of its performances it is that the instinct for reproduction comes second only to that of self-preservation. But the same history tells us that social customs have had a very definite effect in determining the men with whom women have mated. With many romantic exceptions, economic conditions have always, to some extent, determined their choice. Love may be no respecter of economics, but marriage is. And even love, taken history through, follows the line of least resistance. Class not only mates with class but it has always been the unusual maiden who has loved outside her class. There surely is no reason to think that the need to work created by our modern system will have less influence on the young feminist than the need to preserve their social standing did on the women of the past, or that the right to work will be less compelling on the independent-minded than the right to protection was on the clinging vine.

It is this point that gives to the dilemma of the married feminist its social importance. What the result will be on the mating of men and women, or the work of the husband, or on the kind of husband desired, it would take a prophet to tell. And I am no prophet. It is enough for the journalist to present this as one of many problems which must interest those wishing information on the conditions of modern society.

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